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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE RODE THE TOM COD.

A YOUNG AND FASHIONABLE PHILADELPHIA GIRL ACCEPTS HER LOVER'S CHALLENGE AND ESSAYS A DARING FEAT  
OF FISHMANSHIP AT BAR HARBOR, ME.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

## \$50 REWARD.

I will pay \$50 for the arrest and conviction of the rascal who, under the name of W. or M. Slater, is without authority collecting subscriptions to my publications.

RICHARD K. FOX.

### YOU PAY YOUR MONEY AND—

One of Mr. Pat Seedy's newspaper agents says, in his behalf this week:

Pat Seedy dropped in on me the other day with the information that it is settled thing about he and John Sullivan for England on next Saturday week. Circumstances have changed Mr. Seedy's programme, and now the thing for him to do upon arriving in the British metropolis is to announce that Sullivan is with him for the two-fold purpose of challenging the winner of the Kilrain-Smith fight and of making a sporting tour through the country. The hardy English will take kindly to a bird who has sung, and is willing to sing again. And thus Sullivan and Seedy's dual mission will be fulfilled—that of spiking Fox's gun and catching the cream of the exhibition gilt.

This is from a young man who has a confidence in Sullivan's master which is absolutely delightful.

But Seedy has another newspaper agent who thinks that the "dual mission" is "off," and who says:

Pat Seedy has grown tired of playing David to the erratic Jonathan of John L. Sullivan, and it is doubtful if Sullivan will sail with him for England on the Servia on Sept. 10. Mr. Seedy is very much dissatisfied with Sullivan's course in not renewing his pledge to abstain from liquor as a beverage, as he promised, and the other day he said to me, "I am very sorry that John does not seem to see that it is to his interest to do as I want him to. However, I am tired of his conduct, and if he goes with me he will have to agree to my terms. If he goes with me he will have to pay his own passage, for if a cent would pay I would not give it. He is the only fighter I ever undertook to manage, and I will never undertake to manage another. He is the only fighter on the footstool to-day that there is any money in, but money made through having to put up with his ways when he is drinking is too hard earned, and I want none of it. I will go to England with my wife whether he goes or stays, and I think very seriously of settling down in London and starting an American bar and house of call there. I will certainly do so if I can get the proper location. I will keep a place which will be the headquarters of half the Americans who go to England. I am well known in every town and hamlet of any consequence in this country, and I believe that my acquaintance will be extremely valuable to me there in such a business. I will keep American liquors, cigars, and American papers of all the principal cities. I will have a couple of good American cooks, and if I am really grown tired of English roast beef and plum pudding, and want a home dish like fried chicken, an American oyster or clam stew, my place will be the place to get it. I will also make a bureau of reliable information of all kinds. In short, I design to have a place that will be thoroughly American and where an American will find that he is at home and has a friend in the proprietor. I have ample financial backing, and I feel confident that I will succeed in my new undertaking. At all events, I shall stay over in London for six months, and maybe for six years."

So the great windbag and sawdust combination has shrunk down to "an American bar and house of call," plus a Chicago bank attachment thrown in, with Pat Seedy, Esq., as boss and dealer of the game.

This latest programme of the versatile Patrick now that he has lost his "man," seems to shut him out of his patriotic design—as announced by one of his newspaper agents—to go to the ring side and stigmatize as a "cur" and a "coward" the gallant pugilist whom Sullivan didn't dare to meet, and who is going, in the name of America, to give the British champion an everlasting whaling.

Was there ever such a melancholy fizzle in the world as is illustrated in this final expose of Pat Seedy at the hands of his newspaper hirelings? When Seedy first showed up in the sporting firmament his audacity and loudness of assertion imposed upon every man who came within range of his voice. Even when, in "handling" the ex-champion round the country, he began to exhibit himself as a man whose "pledges" were never redeemed, and whose "guarantees" were always to be played with a copper, a large number of sporting men still clung to confidence in him. A vague hope that there might still be some bottom to his reckless and idiotic methods kept itself alive in the minds of several people who ought to have known better.

Luckily it has only taken a short time to strip the mantle from him and leave him exposed as the weakest, silliest and most talkative human parrot whose utterances have ever been mistaken for sense. In less than a year he has completely wiped John L. Sullivan out of the regard of his fellow Americans, and when the fatal moment arrives in which he has to squarely state his purpose he sums up twelve months of boasting and braggadocio in the expression of a hope that he will be able to raise money enough to run a small gin-mill in London!

In the mean time Richard K. Fox, amid the acclamations of Europe, has made another deposit of stakes in the great match for the world's championship.

What a contrast—Seedy slinking off to London to start a small rum-shop, and Kilrain going over amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his countrymen to win the world's championship and its emblematic belt.

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

EVERYBODY WHO IS WORTH KNOWING knows Charlie Collins of the Criterion in Union Square. If he doesn't, he ought to, anyhow. The other day I dropped into Charlie's asylum for the depressed and the bibulous. He was, as the French say, very much *En Evidence* behind his bar. "I want you," quoth the buxom Charles, "to see what the 'profess' has come to. You never



hit it better." So we rolled, both of us being men of weight and obesity, into a "dram" on Fourteenth street which at the first glance I took to be a house of call for tramps. "These be your actors," remarked the rotund Collins under his breath. "Here is where beer flows at five cents a quart for professionals only—with a modicum of lunch thrown in." On this flavorful repast a fat and greasy fellow, shabby to an incredible degree, was banqueting. "That," said Collins, "is a leading man who is celebrating the fact that next week he goes out on the road with a classical show and has a prospect of getting enough 'advance' to release some of his duds from hock. To-day fly-blown cheese and rye-bread—to-morrow the part of Julius Cesar and unlimited lager." I sketched the artist just as he was.

THOSE INTERESTED IN THINGS THEATRICAL have been thinking that Violet Cameron had altogether forsaken the stage, but it seems it is not so. I have just learned that she will be a member of a company to be run ere long at the little Strand by the ever-youthful and ever-beautiful Lydia Thompson, who proposes to revive at this house Alfred Cellier's comic opera, "The Sultan of Mocha," which, according to some, did not have a fair chance, when it was first produced. Cellier is sure of an attentive hearing now, anyway, for is not his Dorothy now long past its 300th night? It used to be thought by some that Violet Cameron was Lydia Thompson's daughter, but this Lydia has denied to me personally, adding that many seem to think she is the mother of every yellow-haired girl on the stage. Ah, Lydia, Lydia, I wish I kept growing younger as you do. As a matter of fact, though, I think I am right in stating that Lydia really is Violet's aunt.

IT IS FAIRLY ASTONISHING what a popular and fetching thing in make-ups Irving started when he broke out in long hair and eyeglasses. Up to the time he burst open the view of the outside world in the guise of a Methodist preacher with a bias toward ranting, actors used to wear their hair as short as convicts, and be re-



markable for a jovial roundness of smooth countenance Irving's lean mug and lank locks have changed all that. Last Friday I met a popular Irish comedian on the Long Branch boat who had yielded to the current theatrical style. Being fat and scant of breath, he couldn't look quite as much like Britain's pet as he would have liked. But the sleek, sanctimonious expression, and the long hair were both on hand, anyhow. The gentle reader can see this Irvingized Handy Andy by referring to our picture.

WHEN MRS. LANGTRY was recently in San Francisco, it was a matter of general wonder where Mr. Frederick Gebhard was. He was not in Europe where he had gone not long before; he was not to be found either in New York or Newport, and those who had the most intimate business relations with the Lily of California declared most positively that he was not in San Francisco. He was sought for by reporters all over the continent, who wanted to know what his projects were regarding Mrs. Langtry, and if he really would marry her if she got a divorce from her husband. It has come to my knowledge that all the time Mr. Frederick Gebhard was comfortably housed at the residence that Mrs. Langtry had hired in San Francisco for a period of six months, and which she had furnished with much elegance. Mr. Gebhard only made his appearance once a day at a certain stated time. This was when his love went to the theatre at night. He used to drive her down in the dusk of the evening, and after dropping her one block from the stage entrance used to drive off rapidly to the residence on the hill once more. Then he retired for twenty-three hours. So secretly was this affair managed that only two persons in San Francisco recognized Mr. Gebhard, and, in fact, Al Hayman, the manager of the theatre where Mrs. Langtry was playing, offered the house against five

dollars that Gebhard wasn't in town. I suppose there are no reflections to be made on this matter. Ever since Mrs. Langtry has been in the country she has utterly ignored social conventionalities, and I suppose she can live in the same house with Mr. Gebhard just the same as she could live in the same hotel or the same private car. At the same time, I think it would be wise, all things considered, for Mrs. Langtry to hurry up and get that divorce. It would sort of settle things in a domestic and respectable way, though I doubt not that it would blunt the public appetite to see her. The people here seem to like to spend their money some way or other upon objects with which a little bit of wickedness is associated, and there is just enough doubt in the public mind about Mrs. Langtry to make her continuously interesting. That's why she draws. I don't even suppose that she herself believes that it is because she can act.

I AM GIVEN PRIVATELY TO UNDERSTAND that John Stetson's threat to erect a million dollar theatre in New York next year partakes largely of the nature of a "bluff"—that in reality he has no site selected, but thinks he can find one. E. J. Stokes would be his partner in that event, for Stokes has long wanted something to do with a theatre here. But the real reason of Mr. Stetson's precipitance in announcing his plans was the fact that the Gilseys had rented the Fifth Avenue Theatre for ten years to some mysterious party, who is not known at all, at the rate of \$30,000 a year. Stetson has been paying \$28,000, and he is greatly piqued that he was not treated with more consideration by landlords, with whom he has been a tenant these five or six years. Of course, the million dollars Stetson talks of may be taken with much allowance of salt. And with proper deference to Mr. Stetson, and all the other theatrical gentlemen who are going to erect more playhouses, I would suggest very respectfully that New York just now has about all the theatres the town can stand. As it is, they have all the difficulty in the world in getting along.

TALKING OF CHORUS GIRLS, and the wonderful way in which they enjoy themselves during the summer, I fear that their male equivalents on the stage don't share the secret with them. A friend of mine who lives near Astoria, on Long Island, has a large stable in



which he keeps cows. There is a roomy garret overhead. Last June a well-dressed man asked permission to sleep there during the summer. My friend was quite taken with the fellow, and questioned him somewhat sharply. The poor devil at last confessed that he was a well-known comic opera artist, who was supposed to be taking an European tour. My friend cheerfully consented, and thus enabled the singer to swear, with truth, that he had spent his vacation at Cowes.

LONDON TRUTH says: "I had heard a good deal about a launch run with a naphtha engine which Mr. Kyrle Bellew had brought with him from America, and in which he disports himself on the Thames at Hampton, and last week I took a trip with him in it. The naphtha is in a tank at one end of the boat, and there is a tiny engine at the other. All that is required to run the boat is a box of lucifer matches. The lamp is lighted and the launch goes on. By turning the wheel it can then be stopped, reversed or set going again. The cost is small. In Mr. Bellew's boat the tank contains sufficient naphtha to run for sixty hours at a speed of ten miles per hour, and this amount of naphtha may be bought for less than a pound. No engineer is required. Indeed, he would have nothing to do. The engine cleans itself, and the launch gives no more trouble than an ordinary boat without an engine."

THE CHEAP WATERING PLACES are almost all bereft of the cheap actresses who have been summering there. "Calle" have summoned them from refreshment to labor, as the Masons put it, and the sun-burnt beaches and mosquito-ridden lanes which knew them during the dog-days, know them no more. How young women who draw \$15 a week for thirty weeks of the year can afford to enjoy themselves, as most of these small fry do, for twenty-two weeks at \$25 a week expense is something which, like the peace of God, passeth all understanding. At Lake Mahopac this summer I met



one of the butterflies of the Bijou driving around in a tub with a liveried tiger whose monthly wages alone must have been equal to her own salary during the season. And she passes for a virtuous girl, too. I wish I knew the trick.

WOODEN SPOON.

Miss Endicott, daughter of the Secretary of War, is the reigning belle at Nahant, Mass.

## OUR PICTURES.

### Wanted a Water-Proof Coffin.

Jonathan Bell, a prominent citizen of Oglethorpe county, Georgia, is dead, aged 80 years. Before the war he was very wealthy, owning considerable property in the county and hundreds of slaves. The war completely ruined him. He had his coffin made a number of years ago. He told his friends a few days ago that he would soon die, and to send for his coffin. He then ordered it made water-proof and he had the makers fill it full of water, screw the lid on and turn it over and over. They did so in his presence, and he was satisfied. He died the next day and was laid away to rest.

### A Wedding and a Murder.

A special from Milwaukee, Wis., August 23, says: Another Polish wedding row, ending in a murder, occurred to-night in the Polish settlement on the North side. As near as can be ascertained from the conflicting and excited stories, a wedding was being celebrated in the house of John Rogorosky, on Lee street. Next door lived August Dutak. While the festivities in the Rogorosky house were in progress, a crowd of half-grown boys and young men, ranging in years from 16 to 20, gathered about the place, and became quite noisy. The noise disturbed Dutak, and he came out and attempted to drive them away. His attempt was not successful, and he went inside. The noise increased, and Dutak came out again with the determination of driving the crowd or knowing the reason why. As he advanced toward them a shower of stones was rained on him. One of the stones struck Dutak back of the ear, and he sank to the ground with a groan. The crowd, on witnessing the result of the volley, turned and ran. The people in the Rogorosky house, hearing Dutak's groans, ran out and found him dead. Besides the wound that caused his death there were several others about his head.

### Whipped by His Wife's Orders.

The elegant home of Mr. Philip Hooff, on upper Prince street, Alexandria, was last evening the scene of an assault surrounded by peculiar circumstances. Workmen engaged on a new building adjoining Mr. Hooff's residence heard screams for help that appeared to come from the second story of that gentleman's house, and, hurrying to the window, were surprised to see a little eleven-year-old colored girl beating Mr. Hooff, who is a paralytic and ninety years of age, while his wife stood by witnessing the assault. An officer was sent for, and the girl, whose name is Maria Viney, was arrested and taken to the station house. Acting Mayor Strauss gave her a preliminary hearing, and the fact was developed that Mrs. Hooff, who is a second wife, requires him to wait upon himself, and his asking for assistance is said to have angered her, and she ordered him to be whipped, to which he is compelled to submit. The girl testified that Mrs. Hooff ordered her to do the whipping, and she saw only obeying orders when she was arrested. The officers found Mr. Hooff in a semi-conscious state, with clothes saturated with water. Upon the evidence of the child Acting Mayor Strauss issued a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Hooff, charging her with assault and battery.

### Lynched.

A special from Valentine, Neb., Aug. 20, says: Jerry White, a negro, brutally assaulted Mrs. Hoffman, an aged lady, on Wednesday night. He broke into the house in the absence of her husband and beat her over the head and face with a revolver into a state of insensibility, and was only prevented from completing the crime by the arrival of neighbors. He was captured at Long Pine yesterday morning and brought to Valentine. This morning at one o'clock sixty determined men, armed and masked, formed on the outskirts of the village and marched in a body to the jail. The crowd broke in the jail door with sledge hammers and axes, and the prisoner was taken out to a telegraph pole. A rope was swung from the cross-bar and tied around his neck. White was given five minutes for confession and prayer. He did not deny his guilt. He was then hauled up and left swinging. Just as the party was leaving, Sheriff Connelly, who had been awakened by his brother, arrived with a posse, but too small to cope with the masked party, who dispersed. After having stood the Sheriff's crowd off long enough to permit White to die at the rope's end, the dead man was cut down at once. The coroner's verdict was "Death at the hands of parties unknown." The hanging is universally approved by the citizens of Valentine. This is the fourth rape case here during the last four months.

### Kisses On the Scaffold.

A correspondent at Columbia, S. C., Aug. 26, writes: Talton Danzy, colored, was hanged at Camden, this State, to-day, for the murder of Noel Perkins, also colored. The execution took place in the jail yard and was private.

A colored preacher was with Danzy all this morning administering religious consolation. When told that everything was in readiness a nervous shudder was observed, but he walked firmly up the steps of the scaffold.

After a short prayer by the minister, Danzy said he would like to see all his family. A touching scene followed, and when lastly the condemned man's baby was held up to him for a farewell kiss there were few dry eyes among the spectators. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon the culprit's face and forehead, although he appeared perfectly calm. His last words were addressed to his children, whom he told to "mind mammy."

The noose and the black cap were then adjusted and the rope supporting the trap was cut. Talton Danzy's body shot down six feet. A few slight struggles and convulsive twitching of the hands followed and all was over.

Danzy owned an ox, which Perkins had taken up for trespassing upon his own premises. On the morning of April 1 last Danzy met Perkins and demanded possession of the ox. Perkins replied that he would give it up if Danzy would pay him \$1 for his trouble and expense. This Danzy swore he would not do, and the two men then separated.

A few hours afterward Danzy sought Perkins and renewed the dispute. After a few words Danzy rushed upon Perkins with a knife. Perkins picked up a stick, knocked the knife from Danzy's hand and held him; but upon Danzy's promise to desist from any further attack he released him. No sooner was Danzy released than he picked up his knife and cut Perkins three times, from the effects of which he died three days afterward.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Wicked Lizzie.

Lizzie Bernholtz, who until recently lived with her parents at 116 Plymouth avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., was arrested Saturday night a week ago, in a house of ill-repute in the latter city. It will be remembered that when Sells Brothers' circus went to town some time ago she became so enamored of the beauties of circus life that she dressed herself in male attire and went to St. Paul, where she was arrested. She did not like the idea of remaining at home, and left again, only to be found in a bagnio. She was arraigned in court and was sent away for the remainder of the summer where she cannot enjoy any more festive circus life.

## THE LANGTRY AT MONMOUTH.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

On another page we show the Jersey Lily, escorted by Freddy Gebhard, as they appeared at the Monmouth Park races recently.

## A BIG RACE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

In last week's issue the reader will find a lengthy description of the great sculling match for Richard K. Fox's trophy, illustrated elsewhere.

## A GOLDEN GIFT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

We publish elsewhere a picture of the superb gold medal presented by his company to N. S. Wood, who is world-famous as the boy actor, and who goes on the road this year with a new play.

## SHE ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A Philadelphia belle, being challenged by her lover, at Bar Harbor, to ride a 75-pound tom-cod which had been caught in a net, donned her life preserver and accomplished the feat. We illustrate the scene elsewhere.

## HE THOUGHT HE HAD THEM.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Marquette, Mich., August 28, says: A mischievous workman named Polk, in the big mill at Ontonagon, placed a small garter-snake upon the shoulder of a fellow-workman named Hollis yesterday. The man was busy and the reptile made the circuit of his neck before he noticed that something was wrong. Then he craned his neck and met the flashing eyes and vibrating tongue of the snake within two inches of his nose, and with a yell of horror threw up his hand and rolled on the floor in a dead faint, and is very low from the effect of the shock.

## WHITES AND BLACES AT WAR.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 25, says: Adversities from Lonoke county, Ark., say that intense excitement prevails in the southwestern portion of that county, and serious trouble is apprehended between the white and negro populations. The trouble grew out of a quarrel between Clarence Chapman, white, and a negro named Hunt. After the quarrel Chapman and a friend were attacked by five armed negroes, Hunt leading, who ordered them to halt. Chapman was shot through the hip. Three of the negroes were arrested, among them a negro Justice of the Peace. Since then bands of armed negroes have been threatening vengeance on the whites, and also to murder the lessee of the convict farm and release the prisoners. The sheriff of Lonoke has organized a formidable posse, and has posted guards every four miles from Clear Lake to Lonoke, a distance of eighteen miles.

## SHE CARRIED A GUN.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Columbia, S. C., Aug. 24, says: A few days ago the assistant superintendent and roadmaster of the Northeastern Railroad, accompanied by the Sheriff of Williamsburg county and a force of hands, went up the railroad owned by T. C. Willoughby, a planter and lumber manufacturer, and began at the further end of the road tearing up and loading the rails, which were rented to Willoughby and about which there had been a dispute. Mr. Willoughby was absent in Philadelphia.

In the evening when the rails were loaded and the train was ready to run on the main track, Mrs. Willoughby, a handsome Kentucky lady, took a position on the road in front of the engine and refused to allow the train to pass out. A sofa and rocking chair were brought to her and there she "held the fort" all night, and declared that she would remain there until her husband returned. A railroad attorney arrived

and attempted unsuccessfully to make the lady vacate. Mrs. Willoughby employed lawyers, but no settlement could be arrived at.

On the evening of the second day the railroad attorney ordered the train to run out at any cost. Mrs. Willoughby had armed herself with a 16-shooting Winchester rifle, and as the train came down upon her, instead of moving she covered the engineer with the rifle and ordered him to halt, which he did without a second order. Here the train, superintendent, sheriff and hands remained until a compromise satisfactory to Mrs. Willoughby had been agreed upon.

## CLAD IN A BED SPREAD.

Drummer Gould Involuntarily Makes a Dramatic Appearance in the Street.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Charles E. Gould, young, tall and slim, created a good deal of amusement in Washington street, Brooklyn, recently. He is a drummer, but business in his line—sewing machines—has been dull, and three weeks ago, when he sought shelter in the boarding house of Miss Isabella Clancy at 185 Washington street, his resources were very low. He put on a bold front, however, and having musical ability, both vocal and instrumental, made himself an acceptable visitor to the parlor. He did not, however, pay his board bills, and Miss Clancy, when her patience became exhausted, consulted Bridge Policeman Thomas Early, one of her boarders. It was decided to resort to heroic treatment. Mr. Gould was awakened about six o'clock one morning by the entrance into his room of Mr. Early, who made a very emphatic demand for the three weeks' board which he owed Miss Clancy.

Mr. Gould assured Mr. Early that it was utterly impossible for him to pay up. He begged for one more week's delay. The appeal was not successful, and with the co-operation of Miss Clancy, who was conveniently close to the scene of negotiations, the entire wardrobe of Mr. Gould, with the exception of the night robe which he wore, was hustled out of the room and locked up in a closet in an adjoining apartment. Mr. Gould was then told to get out.

Miss Clancy firmly told him that he must not delay his departure for a moment, and the young man emerged from the bed in a slightly bewildered state of mind. Seizing the bed spread, he folded it around him like a Roman toga, and with hesitating steps and many appeals to Miss Clancy that she should not throw him out on the world in such a shape, he made his way down stairs to the hall. Here he lingered only for an instant, a threatening movement in the rear urging him to plunge forward. As soon as he emerged on the stoop the door was banged behind him, and the unfortunate drummer found himself on the street, an object of much curiosity and amusement to the crowds of people who were hurrying to the bridge on foot and in the horse cars.

Drawing the bed spread close around him, he started on a run to Nassau street, and knocked at the door of A. P. Bailly & Son's real estate office at 177. There was no response, the office being still closed, and then he bounded into Nassau street, and quickly disappeared from view through the door of George L. Frank's barber shop in the corner basement. After satisfying the journeyman, but not without some difficulty, that he was not an escaped lunatic, he was furnished with a linen duster, an old pair of trousers, and a baseball cap. He remained in the shop until the crowd which had collected in front of it attracted the attention of Policemen Grant and Madigan of the health department, to whom he explained the situation. Grant went to the boarding house and obtained his clothes, hat and shoes. When he had dressed himself he went to the bridge office and related to Capt. Ward the part which Policeman Early had played in the adventure. He then shook the dust of Brooklyn off his feet and started on a brisk walk over the big promenade. Miss Clancy gave this explanation:

"The fellow answered me short when I asked for his board money, so this morning I went to his room and took every stitch of clothes he had and locked them up. I thought this would bring him to terms, but it didn't. It was when my back was turned that he slipped out with the bed cover around him. I had a previous experience with Gould when I used to keep a boarding house in Concord street. I locked up his clothes on that occasion, and as this brought him to terms I thought I would try it again."

## THE BULL AND THE LOVERS.

Mary Passes an Hour With Her Young Man in Awkward Company.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A Stamford, Ct., dispatch says: Elbert Hurd, a milkman, has a lively blonde bull and a charming brunette daughter. All the neighbors are afraid of the former and all the neighbors' boys are crazy after the latter. Last Saturday night the bull broke loose from his stall, and after foraging around the garden sassa crop found the back door open. He entered and helped himself to a pan of apples; the old folks being out, he poked open the kitchen door and went in. Instead of coming out the way he entered he chose the parlor, and as soon as he crossed the threshold a rotten board gave way and the ugly beast descended to the cellar. The good folks did not return until bed-time, and no lamps were lighted. Doors were closed all around and quietness prevailed.

The next morning Mary, the pretty daughter, insisted that she heard groans during the night, but she was laughed at, and no more was thought of it. The whole family started early for a day at Seaside Park, in Bridgeport, and came home soon enough for Mary to be in when her lover came. Soon after dark he knocked at the front door, and to escape mosquitoes the couple entered the parlor.

Mary started for the shelf for a match, and down she went, landing plump on the Jersey bull's back. Her exclamation was one of surprise rather than pain, and her lover quickly ran to learn the cause. Quicker than a wink he landed in Mary's arms, and the situation became decidedly interesting. It took more than an hour to straighten matters out so that sparking could be resumed, and every body, including the old folks, promised dead silence.

## SHOCKING EXPERIENCE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Athens, Ga., August 20, says: Mr. Jasper Porter, who lives near this place, was affianced to Miss Wards, who lived in the neighborhood of Walnut Church, in Jackson county. Their wedding day was set for the near future, and he had an engagement to visit her to arrange the final details to-day. He started across the country on horseback, and, when nearing the church, he observed a crowd there, and finding that it was a funeral he dismounted and entered. The preacher was in the middle of his discourse, and

no mention was made of a name by which Mr. Porter could tell who the dead person was. When the sermon was over the coffin-lid was opened and all were invited to take a last look. Mr. Porter took his place in the procession, and was horrified upon reaching the coffin to find that it contained the dead body of his affianced. It seems that she had died suddenly and the notice of her death was on its way to him by mail.

## GEORGIA PRISON HORRORS.

Sufferings of the Penitentiary Convicts at the Hands of Contractors.

A special from Atlanta, August 26, 1887, says: Governor Gordon's order was the cause of the biggest sensation of the season yesterday. The Governor has made up his mind to abolish the lease between the State and what are known as Penitentiary companies Nos. 2 and 3. The first step was the order citing W. B. Lowe, president of Penitentiary Company No. 2; W. D. Grant, president of No. 3, and J. W. English, acting president of No. 3, to appear before him one week from to-day and show cause why their contracts for the lease of convicts should not be annulled.

The whole penitentiary system of Georgia is rotten to the core. No complaint is made, however, against Company No. 1, which is owned by Senator Brown, the late Colonel Morrill, Jack Seaver of Boston and Julius Brown.

This company also owns one-eighth of No. 2 and one-fourth of No. 3. W. B. Lane owns seven-eighths of No. 2, and the remaining three-fourths of No. 3 are owned by Captain J. W. English, ex-Senator James M. Smith, and Colonel T. J. James in equal parts. All of these are among the most prominent citizens of Atlanta and Georgia.

At the last session of the Legislature the House Penitentiary Committee appointed a sub-committee to investigate the workings of the system, the investigation being instigated by a number of serious charges against the lessees and their employees.

The various reports of Dr. Willis F. Westmoreland, principal physician to the Penitentiary, formed the basis upon which the committee worked. The most startling of these were the reports made to Governor McDaniel in 1883, which were suppressed by that official. These were seen by the *Herald* correspondent to-night.

According to these reports scurvy was found at many of the camps, resulting in the death of a number of convicts. In many instances over half of the convicts were sick at the same time. The captains at the various camps seemed to have bossed the doctors, deciding whether a convict was sick or not. The captains would act as physicians, experimenting on the sick men by giving whatever mixtures may have been handy.

In most of the camps the medical department was a farce. In scarcely any of the fifteen camps into which the Penitentiary had been divided were there anything like proper buildings, the hospitals being in a terrible condition. The camps seemed to vie with each other in filth, the condition in most cases being simply fearful. The doctor reported instances of unnatural crimes and degradation of the worst sort. It was these and subsequent reports upon which the committee based its investigation.

A strong chain of evidence was woven about the lessees, showing frequent and flagrant violations of the law.

The committee made its report to the general committee yesterday. Just at the same time the Penitentiary officials reported on the complaints from the Bingham camp, at Griffin, where they found that convicts had been terribly ill-treated, a number having been beaten almost to death by the whipping bosses for having furnished information to the Penitentiary officers.

When the case was laid before Gov. Gordon he determined to force the fight at once. He accordingly issued an order removing Bingham from office and ordering that he never again be allowed to serve in that capacity. He ordered that the matter be placed before the Grand Jury of Spalding county at its next session, and four warrants charging Bingham with assault with intent to murder have been sworn out.

The Governor has a big fight on his hands, but the people are at his back, for they feel that the convict lease system is the curse of Georgia and must be radically changed.

## A CHINESE WRESTLING MATCH.

Mark Fay Yin Wipes Up a Mott Street Yard With Moy Chi.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

For the first time since the Chinamen came into New York they enjoyed a genuine wrestling match the other day. The bout was between two of their best athletes in this country, Mark Fay Yin, an under-sized laundryman of this city, and Moy Chi, a bulkier Celestial from Philadelphia. The pitted gladiators met in the rear yard of No. 18 Mott street. Long before the appearance of the wrestlers the yard was filled with excited Chinese sports, who paid the twenty-five cent admission fee and freely wagered their money on their respective choices. The principals received 75 per cent of the gate money, and, according to the Chinese custom, the winner got in addition 7 per cent of the money won by all lucky bettors present, or such portion of it as the honesty of the latter prompted them to surrender.

In selecting their favorites among their wrestling countrymen the Chinese pay very little attention to size or reputed strength of the man, but are governed by the contestant's athletic training and jumping ability. The athletic schools of China train their pupils in jumping by tying sandbags about their pupils' ankles and making the aspirants for athletic honors jump out of holes dug in the ground.

At 4 P. M. the wrestlers appeared and were loudly cheered. Both stripped to the waist, and their limbs were tightly bound with strong strips of dark blue cotton. Manager Fong, an elderly looking Celestial, then announced the conditions of the battle—the winner to best his antagonist in three out of four rounds. The athletes began in almost cock-fighting style, and for ten minutes they sparred for a hold. Then Mark Fay Yin swung his right leg in front of his antagonist, gave a sudden sweep with both arms, and Moy plunged into a mud pool. Betting, 9 to 1 on Mark Fay Yin. In the second round Moy got Mark's neck between his fingers and twisted it as if he had hold of an American man's shirt and was starching it, while Mark's hands were wildly clutching the air. A fall for Moy. Mark won the next two falls and the match amid noisy enthusiasm.

## JEM SMITH.

(WITH PORTRAITS.)

We publish this week the latest portrait taken in London of Jem Smith, matched to fight Jake Kilrain for the world's championship.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who  
Find Pictorial Fame in  
These Columns.



Alexander Yale.

The host of summer tourists who travel on the steamboat "Idlewild" up and down the Sound this warm weather, know the genial phiz we print above, perhaps too well. Mr. Yale attends to the thirsty elevated, gentlemanly pirates who seek "This is it" on the Sound steamer for his artistic cocktails.

## Hilda Thomas.

This lovely girl and delightful singer, who goes out this season with Blakely & Sheffer's specialty show, is portrayed elsewhere.

## James McCauley.

This popular City Marshal, who is well known and justly esteemed by all New York's best sporting men, is portrayed on another page.

## Jack Alston.

A short while ago Charleston, S. C., was startled by the brutal murder of Irwin Aiken, near the phosphate works, some eight miles outside the city. Jack Alston seems to have been the cruel slayer. He has fled from justice. His portrait on another page is perhaps the best description we can give him. Both men were employed at the works, with many other negroes.

## The Stone Mystery.

The already intense excitement in Rochester, N. Y., over the murder of Mrs. Ada Stone one week ago was increased by a rumor, which spread over the city like wildfire, that a woman, a friend of the victim, had confessed that she committed the murder. This report, however, proved to be a false one. No trace of the murderer up to the time of our going to press has been discovered. We publish the portraits of the victim and her husband, who found his wife murdered on his return from his day's labor.

## Sheriff Lynch.

We present in this issue a portrait of Sheriff Chas. L. Lynch, of Alpena, Mich., the man who had the nerve to undertake the capture of the notorious outlaw, "Blinkey" Morgan and his pals, Coughlin and Robinson, little less desperate in character, and the cool and fearless head to carry it through to successful issue, notwithstanding a terrific resistance was made, resulting in the severe wounding of the valorous sheriff in the leg by a bullet from Morgan's gun. They are now in jail at Ravenna, O., and will soon be tried there for the murder of Detective Hurligan, which resulted, as everyone knows, from the lesser crime of robbing the fur store of Benedict and Rueddy at Cleveland.

## TEXAS TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

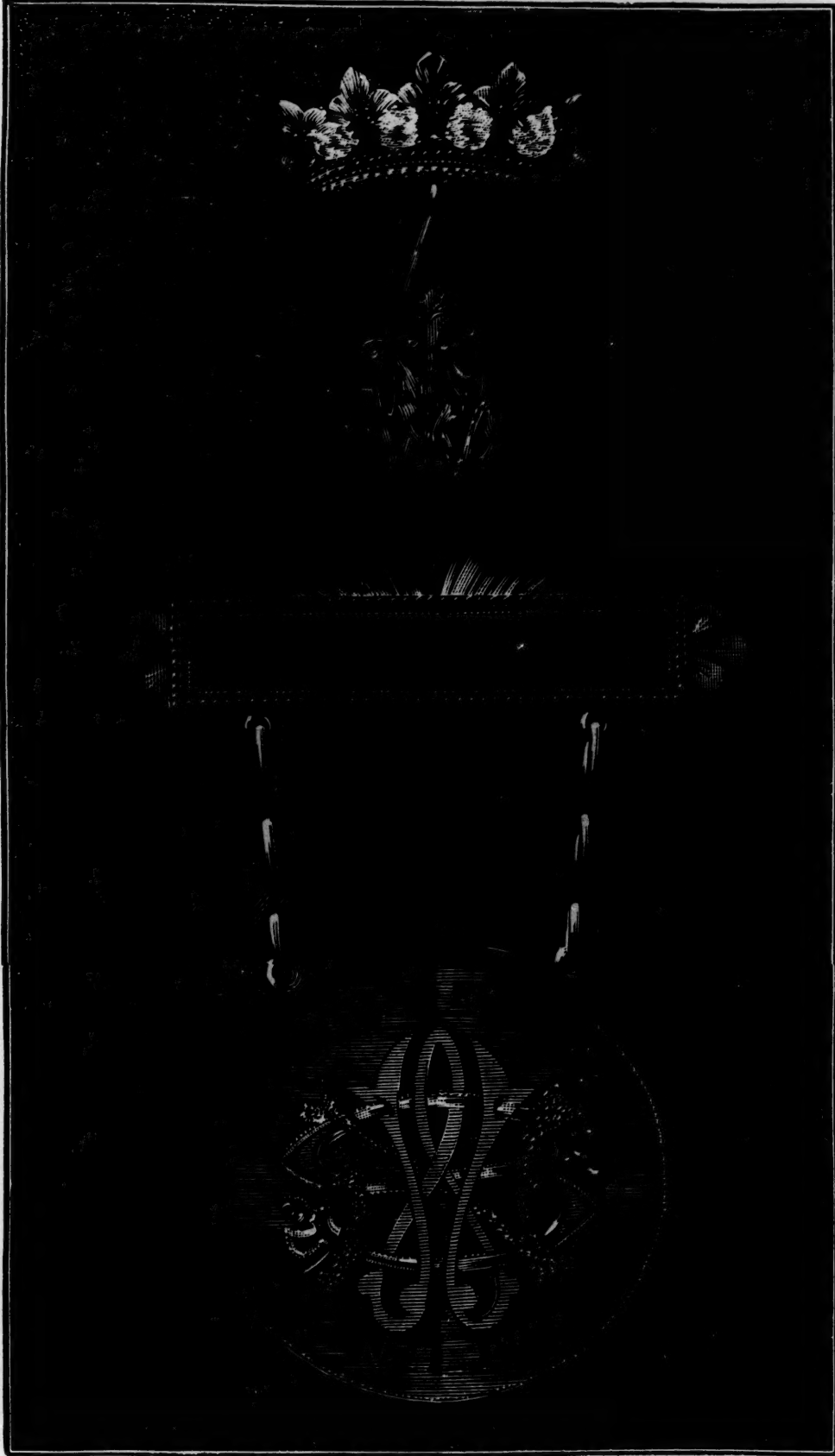
Two Houston Men Invest \$1 Each and Make \$30,000.

The story of how the Louisiana State Lottery Company deals out fortunes every month is known far and near. Chances in the drawings are eagerly taken by all classes. How many persons have suddenly been made rich by this institution would be hard to tell—the number would almost seem incredible. It can be safely said, however, that residents of every state in the Union have profited by it. One of the many made happy by the last drawing was W. H. Anthony, a dairyman of Houston, Tex., who held one-tenth of No. 50,255, which drew the capital prize of \$150,000, collected by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express through the firm of T. W. House of Houston.

The other tenth of this ticket was held by Mr. George H. Zapp of the same place. This gentleman, accompanied by his son, arrived in the city Wednesday night, and on presenting his ticket at the company's office the following morning was handed a check on the New Orleans National Bank. He was greatly in need of the money, and on the receipt of the news of his good luck he fairly wept with joy. Mr. Zapp is a native of Germany, but for the past eight years has made his home in Houston, where he has been clerking in a cotton press. He is a large, fine-looking man, fifty-five years of age, and has a wife and three children. He has not decided what use he will make of his newly found fortune, but will look out for some profitable way of investing it. Mr. Zapp has visited New Orleans before, and will remain here several days to renew old acquaintances.

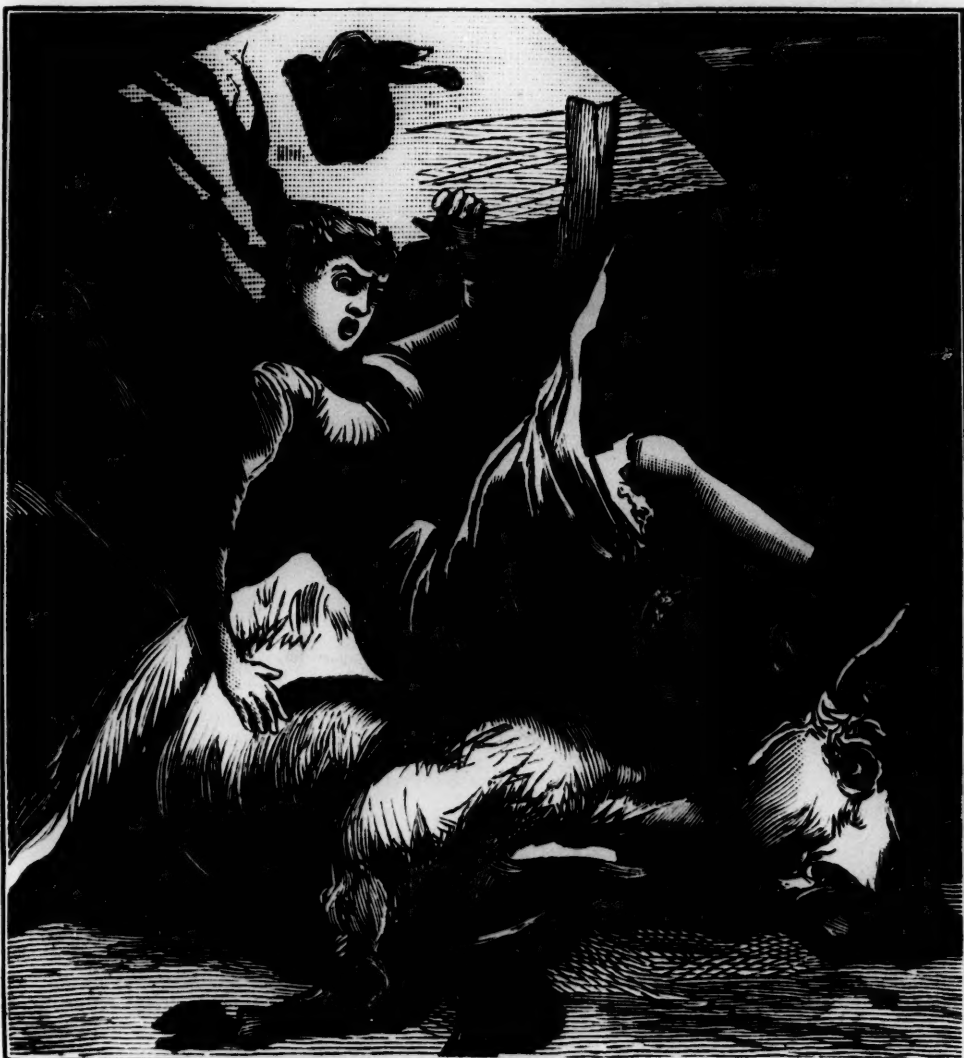
Appropos of Mr. Zapp's visit to this city, it might be mentioned that his nephew, Mr. Orsini Zapp, of Round Top, Texas, came here on a similar errand in May, 1885. He was also the winner of \$15,000. The money he put out in land and stock in Fayette county, Texas. To-day he is one of the most prominent farmers in that section of the country, and is blessed with a happy family and has all the comforts of life. An investment of \$1 in the Louisiana State Lottery started him on the road to prosperity.—N. O. Picayune, August 12.





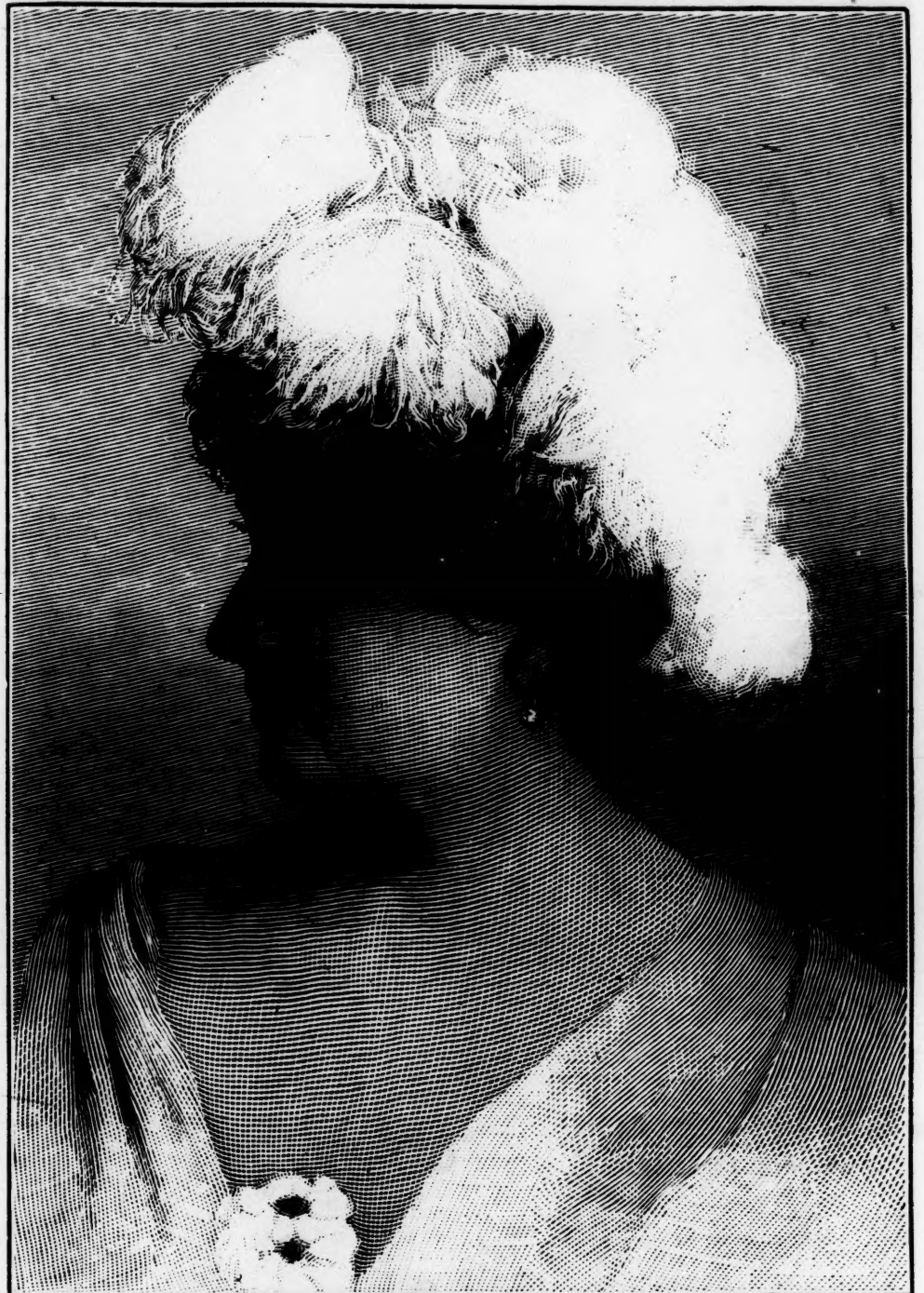
A GOLDEN GIFT.

THE MAGNIFICENT MEDAL PRESENTED TO N. S. WOOD, THE BOY ACTOR, BY MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY.



THE BULL BROKE UP THE HURD.

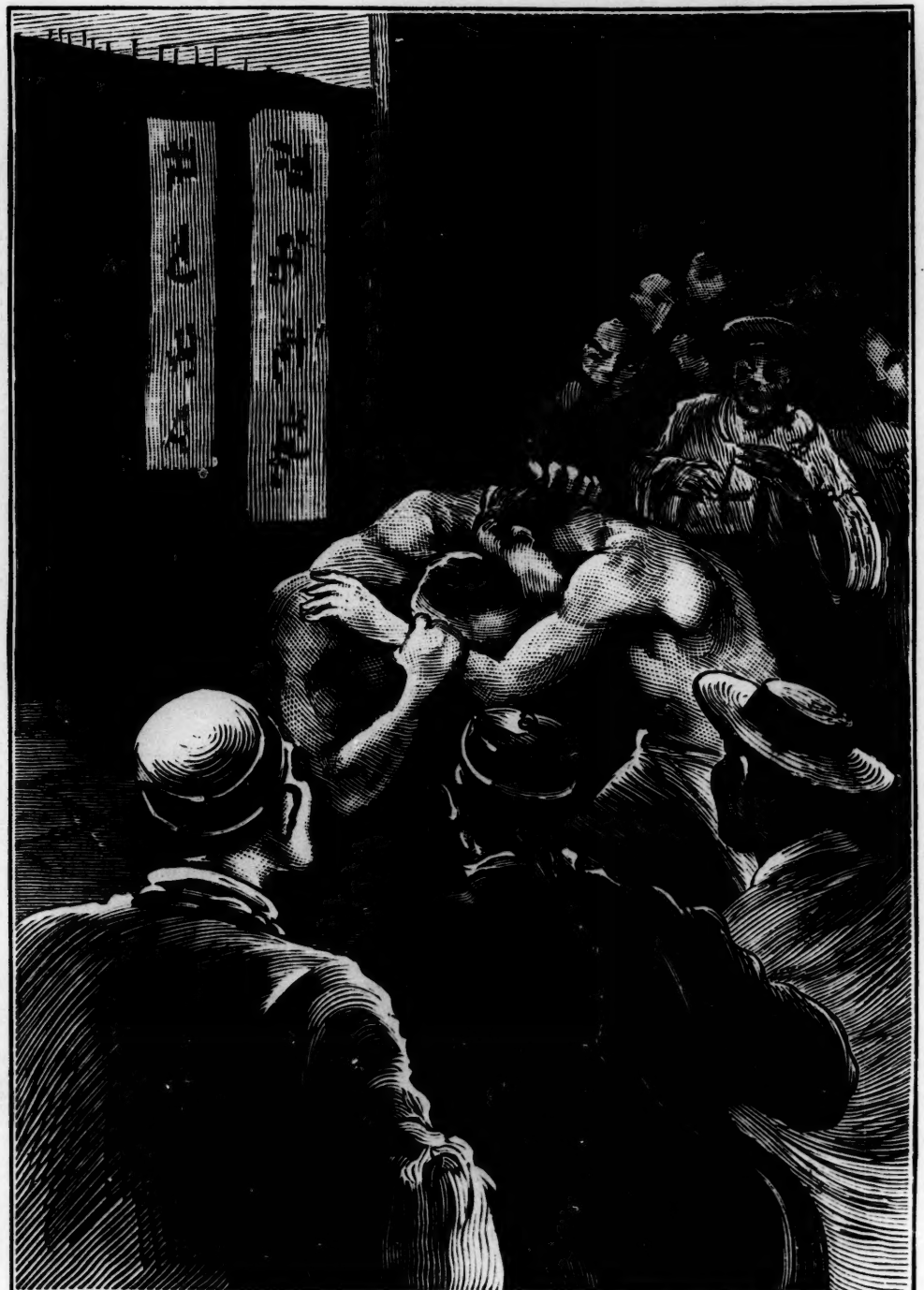
A STAMFORD, CT., MILKMAN'S PRETTY DAUGHTER HAS AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE WITH HER FATHER'S BOVINE.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by CONLY, Boston.]

HILDA THOMAS,

THE BEAUTIFUL FAVORITE LYRIC ARTISTE OF AMERICA.



A CHINESE WRESTLING MATCH.

MARK FAY YIN, A WELL-KNOWN MONGOLIAN ATHLETE, WIPES UP A MOTT STREET YARD WITH MOY CHI.





JAMES McCAULEY,

A CITY FUNCTIONARY WHO IS JUSTLY POPULAR AMONG ALL THE SPORTING MEN.



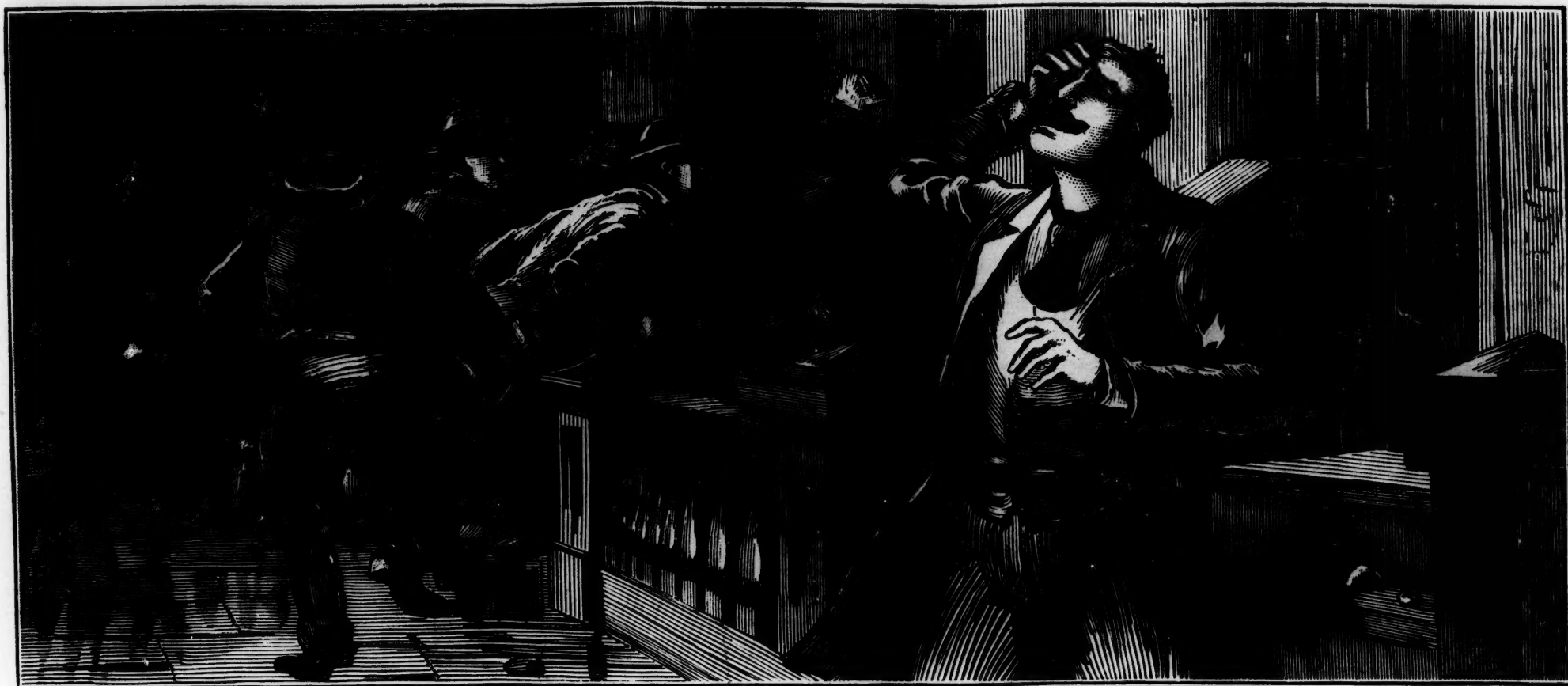
JACK ALSTON,

THE DESPERATE COON WHO SLAUGHTERED HIS FELLOW-WORKMAN AIKEN AT THE PHOSPHATE WORKS NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.



SHERIFF CHARLES L. LYNCH,

THE CAPTURER OF "BLINKY" MORGAN, JOHN COUGHLIN AND JIM ROBINSON, THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAWS, AT ALPENA, MICH.



KILLED AT A WEDDING.

AUGUST DUTAK IS MURDERED WHILE TRYING TO DISPERSE A MOB OF REVELLERS AT A WEDDING NEAR MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



HENRY S. IVES,

THE YOUNG FLUNGER WHOSE CREDITORS ARE HUNTING A DOZEN MILLION DOLLARS DROPPED IN THE BIG GAME.



MRS. ADA STONE,

THE VICTIM OF THE ROCHESTER MYSTERY WHO WAS CRUELLY MURDERED BY SOME UNKNOWN FIEND, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



ALONZO A. STONE,

THE HUSBAND WHO FOUND HIS WIFE BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERED IN HIS CELLAR ON HIS RETURN HOME, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



# DODGE'S DEED.

A Young Woman of that Name

Astonishes the People

of Chicago

## BY A PISTOL-SHOT

Which Knocks Mr. Walter Babcock

Completely Out of Time

and Then

### SAYS NOTHING.

Our Chicago (Ill.) correspondent says, in a letter dated Aug. 25: A brief dispatch sent from this city Saturday said that Col. Walter S. Babcock, of the lumber firm of Babcock & Wheeler, had been taken on a stretcher from a Chicago and Alton train that morning



THE ALLEGED SCENE.

and carried in a patrol wagon to the residence of his partner at No. 3 Lake place; that Mr. Babcock was suffering from a bullet wound in the left side, which he had received near Gardner, and that he refused to tell how he got the wound, which promised to prove fatal. Mr. Babcock died of his wound on Sunday afternoon, and, so far as has been ascertained, he told nobody anything about the shooting. Mr. Babcock was fifty-seven years old and a bachelor. He was born near Utica, N. Y., and had accumulated a fortune here in the lumber trade. He got his title of colonel by being lieutenant-colonel of a battery in the civil war.

On Friday afternoon last Mr. Babcock told his partner that he was going down to Gardner, and at about 4:30 o'clock he left the office to take a train for that village. The conductor of the train knew him by sight and saw him alight from the train at a crossing about an eighth of a mile from Gardner. On Saturday morning, at about 6 o'clock, W. P. Barber, a livery stable keeper in Gardner, was accosted by a man who appeared at the door of the stable and inquired where Dr. McMann lived. When the stranger had received the desired information he walked away. Mr. Barber saw nothing noticeable in the stranger's appearance, except that he walked as though weak in the knees.

Dr. McMann was in bed when the stranger rang his door-bell. "I did not believe him," said Dr. McMann, subsequently, "when he told me he was shot. I thought he was joking, and surmised at once that he wanted to get into the drug store and get a stimulant. There was nothing in his appearance, his manner or his voice to bear out his assertion that he was shot. I told him to take a chair and I would join him as soon as I could get dressed. When I returned we walked over to the drug store together. I then observed that he was growing faint, and, placing him on a lounge, I discovered that he was really suffering from what appeared to be a very serious bullet wound. The bullet entered a little to the left of the median line, just below the breast, and ranged downward. He refused point-blank to tell me the circumstances of the shooting, saying that to do so would involve an explanation, which he was then too weak to make."

At the request of Mr. Babcock, who had made his name known, Dr. McMann telegraphed to Mr. Babcock's partner, and accompanied the wounded man to Chicago. Mr. Babcock fainted while they were waiting for the train, but he seemed to gain strength before reaching Chicago. The wounded man gave to Dr. McMann a self-cocking 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, and said that was the weapon he had been shot with. Two chambers were empty. When the doctor examined the wound he found a bandage drawn tightly around the body and tied behind. Mr. Babcock said he put on the bandage, but Dr. McMann said that from the way it was fastened this would have been im-

possible. Mr. Babcock was shot while his coat and waistcoat were off or thrown open, for they were not pierced by the bullet.

Weighmaster Edward Reynolds, of Gardner, says that early on Saturday morning he saw Sarah Dodge, who resides on a farm about two miles from that village, driving from Gardner towards her home. In the forenoon she drove back to the village and went to the house of Amos Clover, where she remained until Monday morning. Then she returned to her house, of

bail in \$10,000 for her appearance, pending the action of the grand jury, which meets on Sept. 5. Her mother and four of her neighbors went on her bond and she was released. During the brief proceedings she was perfectly self-possessed, and her steady eyes had a remarkably resolute look. It is generally believed that to-day's proceedings end the case. She has the almost unanimous sympathy of the residents, who predict that the grand jury will let the matter rest where it is. In that event the circumstances surrounding the



HE LINGERED BUT A FEW HOURS.

which at that time she was the only occupant, but she did not remain there over night. On Monday evening Miss Dodge was arrested while returning in her buggy to Clover's house on the suspicion that she knew how Mr. Babcock received his fatal wound. The theory is that Mr. Babcock was shot while in Miss Dodge's house; that she bandaged the wound as well as she could, harnessed her horse and drove with him to the village, leaving him there to find Dr. McMann; that after returning home she could not endure the suspense of not knowing whether he was alive or dead, and that she drove back to the village to learn whether he had lived to take the train for Chicago.

Sarah Dodge is between thirty and forty years old and not at all attractive. She and her mother, an aged woman, reside in a small and poorly furnished house on their farm. They are very penurious and are said to own property worth \$100,000. Her mother has been visiting her sister at St. Charles for several weeks, and the daughter has been the only occupant of the small house day and night. It is said that Mr. Babcock has been visiting her for some time, and has borrowed money of her in several amounts, aggregating \$12,000. It is also said that he promised to make her his wife.

The aged mother, when asked about Mr. Babcock, subsequently to the shooting, said that he had been "waiting on Sarah." When the Marshal told Miss Dodge that he had a warrant for her arrest, she asked permission to leave a package of \$400 at the house of Clover, towards which she was driving, and she also left with Clover some letters which she said were not to be tampered with. When taken to the magistrate's office she refused to make any statement for publication, and seated herself in a chair near the magistrate's desk without a word. She looked ill and worn, as from loss of sleep and mental worry. She is tall, slender, and angular, and looked by the light of a kerosene lamp to be nearly forty years of age. Her cheeks were sallow and sunken, her eyes were dull and set rather far back. Her features are aquiline, her nose being prominent, though thin and quite finely moulded. Upon two of her fingers she wore gold rings. Her dress was of rather old-fashioned make, but was of rich, heavy black silk. About her shoulders was a crape shawl and on her head a black straw bonnet with black ribbons. She maintained a bent position,

shooting are likely to remain a mystery forever, for both Miss Dodge and her counsel aver that unless she is compelled to go on the stand in her own defense the secret will be carried to the grave. The Chicago friends of the dead man are unwilling that the matter shall be pushed, and this probably has had much to do with what is regarded as a final disposition of the matter.

The search of the house is thus described: The kitchen was first entered, and a general state of evidently chronic disorder and slovenliness was apparent. This state of things was noticed throughout the entire house.

No important evidence was sought for in the kitchen and the party proceeded to the dining room, where the lounge was noticed that was spoken of in the Times yesterday, at the head of which there was a pillow. It had apparently been lately occupied. It was not expected that any material proof of the shooting would be found in this room, but, nevertheless, close examination was made of the walls and floor for evidence of a bullet hole, but without success.

The next move was into the adjoining room, which had been used as a sleeping apartment by Miss Dodge. This was a good-sized room, containing a large bed, a cheap bureau, a table, a sewing machine, a trunk and several minor articles. The floor was covered with a cheap woolen carpet. The first and only piece of important evidence was here discovered when the Times correspondent noticed on the carpet a deep red spot about two inches in diameter.

The attention of Coroner Hertz and his assistant was directed thereto, and a close examination followed. Efforts had evidently been made to wash out the stain, but with only partial success. The carpet was torn up for a short distance, and the floor immediately underneath the bloody spot examined for the purpose of ascertaining if the blood had seeped through the carpet and stained the paper placed underneath. No presence of blood could be there detected. Coroner Hertz and Deputy Barrett were positive, however, that the stain had been made by human blood, notwithstanding that several ignorant persons asserted that it was caused by red paint. The bed-clothing was then examined piece by piece, but without discovering any signs of more. The furniture was all moved and search made for a bullet hole,



SHE DROVE BACK TO TOWN TO SEE WHAT HAD BECOME OF HIM.

with drooping shoulders and languid expression. Her voice, when she spoke, was plaintive and slightly tremulous. She waived examination, and the hearing was adjourned until 1 o'clock yesterday. Her counsel, Samuel S. Slough, when asked concerning her defense, said that she claimed to be innocent of the shooting. When asked whether she claimed also to be ignorant of the manner of it, he replied, "Not necessarily."

Again yesterday Miss Dodge waived examination, and State's Attorney Carter, who had been in communication with her counsel, readily consented to accept

but without avail. While pulling a trunk to one side \$250 in silver was found on the spot which it had occupied. A minute inspection was made of the door, ceiling, walls and wainscoting, but still no bullet-hole was discoverable, although several investigators raised false alarms by declaring they had found one. The holes were found, however, to have been made by nails. In a clothes closet in this room was a sheet which had recently been washed, and which had been hung up to dry. There was no mark of blood thereon. While searching around the room a copy of

Alden's "Intellectual Philosophy" was found, on the fly-leaf of which was written "Sarah H. Dodge, Englewood, Ill., 1887." In a card-basket was a card bearing the name of J. G. Crockett, Adair county, Iowa, also a "reward of merit" card given to Gracie Paige by Sarah H. Dodge, teacher. In another basket were a number of photos, including one of a man closely resembling Babcock as he probably appeared twenty-five or thirty years ago. It was taken in Binghamton, N. Y.

Amos Clover, at whose house Miss Dodge was a prisoner, said to our correspondent:

"When she was first arrested I had some doubt as to her having shot Babcock, but I am pretty well convinced now that she did the deed, but I cannot say that I blame her for it. I don't believe she would have shot him unless obliged to do so. She has not told me how the trouble occurred, but supposing, for instance, that they were occupying separate rooms, and that during the night Babcock got up, and after forcing himself into her rooms, attempted to take liberties with her—could she be greatly blamed if, in defending her honor, she shot him? She certainly has nerve enough to do that. Anyhow I am willing to go on her bond if necessary, although she will not have any trouble in giving all the bail required. I know that there is insanity in the family, for her uncle, Aiken Gorham, is now in the Kankakee insane asylum, having been sent there about two months ago. I understand that his case is incurable. I have known Sarah since she was a little girl. At that time she lived with her father and mother on a farm at Hadley, near Lockport. She now owns that property. Then the family moved to Mason, about seven miles from Gardner. The old man died there a number of years ago, and about twenty years ago the mother and daughter moved to the farm, where Sarah has since lived."

Continuing Mr. Clover said that the woman came to his house about 8 o'clock on Saturday morning in her buggy. She complained of being sick, and said that she thought she was going to have typhoid fever. She felt so bad on Saturday night that she announced that she would not go home until Sunday. She seemed to be greatly agitated. On Sunday evening she sent Mr. Clover to keepers' stable for her horse and buggy, but when it was driven up to the house the weather threatened rain and she decided not to go home until Monday morning. Mr. Clover put the horse in his own stable and left the buggy in his yard. About 10 o'clock Monday morning Miss Dodge left for her farm.

The opinion is expressed that if he obtained money from the prisoner and also betrayed her confidence after promising to marry her, and then refused to do so, the woman was justified in taking his life. Added to this is the natural jealousy which country people often exhibit toward persons living in cities. Many of the residents of this village also declare that Babcock's



SHE BIDS HER MOTHER GOOD BYE.

friends and relatives in Chicago manifest their convictions that the deceased had been guilty of wrongdoing by the apathy and want of interest in the case which it is claimed they have exhibited since his death.

#### KILLED HIS MOTHER.

Frank Lightfoot Makes a Mistake of an Awful Nature, But is Held Blameless.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Marion, Ind., Aug. 20, says: One of the most lamentable tragedies ever chronicled was reported to Coroner Lord at an early hour this forenoon.

The scene of the sad occurrence is one of the most remote parts of this county, being eighteen miles southwest of this city and three miles south of Point Isabel. The facts in the case, as near as they can be gleaned from the meagre accounts that are at hand, are as follows:

Yesterday Newton Lightfoot, who is a solid and substantial farmer, had occasion to go away from home, and his business was of such a character as to detain him over night. Thieves have been devastating smoke-houses and cribs and entering houses in that locality of late, and there being no other male member of his household, as a measure of precaution he requested his son, Frank Lightfoot, who lives on an adjoining farm, to come over and spend the night.

This was done, and at an early hour the family retired. Frank Lightfoot requested that in case any member of the family arose during the night they should first awaken him, as he expected to use the revolver under his pillow in the event of an invasion. About midnight the household was thrown into the utmost consternation by the crack of a pistol, followed by the agonized groans of some one evidently in mortal agony.

Young Lightfoot had been aroused by some one entering the house, and, without stopping to ask any questions, had blazed away with deadly effect. A light was procured, and the family and young Lightfoot was horror-stricken to find Mrs. Newton Lightfoot, mother of the man who shot her, weltering in her blood. Upon examination it was found that the ball, a thirty-two calibre, had entered her right side about half way between the hip and shoulder. She was beyond the reach of surgical aid, and died in 20 minutes.

She stated that she had heard some commotion among the stock, and thought she would investigate without alarming the family. She protested with her dying breath that her son was blameless, and that she was to blame for her misfortune. Deceased was about fifty-five years old and the mother of a large family of children. The event is deeply deplored, and has cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood. The coroner left for the scene of the tragedy this afternoon to hold an inquest.



## BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green  
Diamond of America's  
National Game.



Dell Darling.

When it became evident in the fall of 1884 that the Chicago Baseball club's management intended to make great changes in the personnel of the club, and it was given out that they had signed Dell Darling, the whole athletic world inquired, "Who is Dell Darling?" Well, Darling was the renowned catcher of the Toronto club. He stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in his stocking feet and weighs about 170 pounds. As an all-round player he can scarcely be excelled. He can throw a ball with any of the long-distance throwers and is a good base runner. Anson made no mistake when he signed Darling. Up to July 1, 1887, Darling was second in the list of batmen of the League, being excelled only by Twitchell of Detroit, but Darling had played in fifteen games with an average of .508, whilst up until the same time Twitchell had played nine games with an average of .568, so that honors were light between the two crack batmen. Darling's work at the bat is all the more singular because when he played with the Toronto in 1886 it was mainly as a catcher that he distinguished himself; as a batsman he stood number 82 in a field of one hundred and twenty, with an average of .212. As a catcher, however, he stood second only to Jack Morrison of the Hamilton club, but played twenty-one more games than did the latter. Darling's average as a catcher was .558.

## BOSTON BASEBALL THRENODY.

Where does the pennant fly?  
Far, far away.  
Over by the western sky,  
Far, far away.  
Kissed by breezes from the lake,  
Western pride its folds awake,  
The prize our club will never take,  
For it's far, far away.  
Where is now the leading nine?  
Far, far away.  
We can never head the line,  
Far, far away.  
Greater does the distance grow,  
As we slowly drop below,  
Hope is on the outward flow,  
For we're far, far away.  
When the ball we try to hit,  
Far, far away.  
It drops or takes a cunning flit,  
Far, far away.  
"Ubb!" is our warning cry,  
As from base to base we fly,  
But the tall end's very nigh,  
Not very far away.

J. S. Keeler, in Boston Herald.

Cusick has seen his best days as a twirler.

There will be some lively work in baseball circles during the coming winter.

The New Yorks have received their second wind, and are making a big bid to get there.

The League race is more interesting this year than it has been at any time since its organization in the spring of 1876.

Detroit will have to hustle for all it is worth to keep clear of the Chicago, New York and Philadelphia aggregations.

Jerry Sullivan is not a hog. A little bit of experience at League umpiring goes a great ways, and Jerry has had a delicate sufficiency.

If ever a club in this country made a mistake it was Cleveland when it signed Kirby, as he proved to be the greatest disappointment of the season.

Morrow knows when he has had enough, and stands ready to turn the presidency of the Southern League over to any other crank that thinks he can get fame this way.

If some of our leading professionals paid as much attention to baseball as they do to poker, they would have excellent records at the close of the season, while their clubs might win a few more games.

If the League get two fights on their hands—one with the American Association and the other with the Brotherhood—they will have to do some pretty clever scheming to come out on top without getting their tails scorched.

Von der Ahe feels confident that he will carry his point regarding the percentage question at the special meeting of the American Association, to be held in this city Sept. 5. Mr. Byrne, however, feels quite as confident that he will not.

There is trouble in the ranks of the Detroit club, as the directors countermand nearly all of the orders given by Manager Watkins, which has a very demoralizing effect. If he finds a player it don't go, and the players know it, as all they have to do is to go to the directors with a cock-and-bull story and the fine is remitted.

This thing of fining a pitcher \$50 because his club failed to win and the other fellows hit him a little hard is a contemptible piece of work, but this is the way they do business in the International League. The two big professional bodies make rules, and the minor leagues through their lack of judgment run them into the ground.

The "Boston Globe" contained the following: "Might be well to take a look around for a pole on which to fly the flag, Detroit." The words Free Press were omitted at the end. This typographical error committed The Globe to the statement that Detroit would take the pennant, an event The Globe is not yet prepared to believe will take place.

Some old dead shares of stock in the Boston Club which went by default a few years ago, when the club was in hard luck and an assessment was put on, have been unearthed by a crank, who has brought suit against the present management to compel them to accept the assessments and pay up the dividends on the stock, amounting to thousands of dollars.

Everybody now expects to see the Louisvilles take their annual tumble, go all to pieces, and lose three-fourths of the remaining games of the season. If history repeats itself, this will be the case. It would be something strange and extraor-

dinary if the Louisvilles should break the mysterious spell and play winning ball at the end of the year.—St. Louis Republican.

Johnnie Ward is undoubtedly one of the brightest men in the profession. He has some cranky notions, however, not the least of which are his ideas of the present baseball laws. He is trying to secure a remedy, and in connection with the Brotherhood of ball-players wants the present baseball contract amended. Johnnie thinks he has been abused by the baseball moguls. About twelve years ago Johnnie was playing ball for about \$40 a month; now he is getting about that amount a game. There are some people who would like to be abused in just the same way.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is only a question of time until there will be a regular cyclone in baseball circles. Everything seems to be shaping that way. The League ever since its formation in the spring of 1876 has had full control of the baseball business. Their most formidable rival has been the American Association, but the moment they grew too powerful for the League to utterly ignore other tactics were brought into play by the long-headed Leaguers. The American Association were given recognition and to all outward appearances the Association were given an equal share with the League in the great baseball monopoly. In every deal, however, the League bested the Association and by the time the latter tumbled to the fact that they were outwitted it was always too late to make amends, and they would simply froth a little at the mouth and vow vengeance what they would do the next time. It was the same old story over and over again each time they entered into any kind of an agreement with the League until it became quite a chestnut for them to make a bold front but always get left. This time they say they have a clear case in the Detroit-Cincinnati squabble over Beatin and Kinslow, and they have made a big bluff in the shape of showing fight, but the chances are that when the matter comes to an issue they will stick their tails between their legs and permit the League to convince them that they have made a mistake.

The trouble which Umpire Jerry Sullivan had in Boston during the Boston-New York series of games, was brought about through Kelly and Hornung. The first kick which attracted public attention was made by Kelly, who was on second base when a line hit was sent out to Gore. The latter caught it and threw Kelly out to O'Rourke at third base. It was a clean play, as O'Rourke touched Kelly fully four feet from the base, and Umpire Sullivan decided him out. The play was applauded by the impartial people present. Kelly made a big kick, which also caused the crowd to find fault. Immediately afterwards Hornung tried to steal third in the same way, but he, like Kelly, was decided out. They both did considerable kicking with the umpire, but he was immovable, and the New Yorks finally won the game by the score of 3 to 1. This greatly exasperated the Bostonians, and after the game Umpire Sullivan was hit with a stone thrown by some loafer, who perhaps did not pay to get in to see the game. While in the dressing-room Umpire Sullivan was subjected to the most insulting remarks from Mr. Stevens, of the Boston Herald. During the conversation Mr. Stevens asked Umpire Sullivan how long he had been in the baseball business. He replied, "Before you left your mother's breast." "Th. my!" Kelly said, "Stevens, let him alone; he knows what he is talking about." Umpire Sullivan then offered to bet Mr. Stevens \$50 that if he would umpire next day's game, that he (Sullivan) would write the report for the Boston Herald, and run him out of his position as a reporter. Stevens got hot, and told Sullivan that he ought to be tarred and feathered, but he got it back just as tart from Sullivan, who said: "The only mistake made in putting you in the world was placing all your brains in your big, fat belly instead of your head."

Representatives of the eight chapters of the Ball Players Brotherhood met in executive session at Earl's Hotel on Aug. 28, and spent about eight hours discussing the baseball outlook. The order represents about one hundred of the choicest players of the League, and the matter which they have taken hold of is one of vital importance, and unless the League meet them on equal footing there will certainly be an endless amount of trouble. Baseball is growing more popular each year, and there is a different class of men in the arena at present from what were there when the League was first organized, therefore it is the opinion of the Brotherhood that the cast-iron contract that the players are compelled to sign is entirely unnecessary. If it was needed for protection in the earlier days of baseball, it is not needed at present. Every clause is in favor of the management, and the poor player gets nothing more than the privilege of signing away all his rights and liberties. The present contract must be wiped out of existence. It will never be signed again by any of the Brotherhood. That is a certainty if it results in open warfare between the League and its players. A new contract will have to be drafted or the present one will have to be modified, as there are many objectionable features in it to which the Brotherhood will not submit. This thing of buying and selling players like cattle must be stopped. The voice of the Brotherhood is that the reserve rule ought to stand with but few changes. It is their opinion that it is a protection to the best interests of the game, providing that it is not carried too far. A clause that they will insist upon being inserted is to the effect that players are free to go where they desire at the disbandment of a club, and shall not become the property of the League. This is done to prevent another peddling around of human flesh, as was done last winter, when the Kansas City club retired from the arena. The players were not consulted in the matter, but were compelled to go wherever they were assigned. It was simply a form of slavery that will not be tolerated in the future. All releases must be unconditional, and the players given the liberty to go where they see fit. No unreasonable demands will be made, as the players do not wish to dictate to the League magnates, but only want what is just and fair. In fact they only ask their rights as American citizens. The Brotherhood will bend every energy to assist the League in stamping drunkenness out of the business. They therefore suggest that for the first offense the delinquent be fined \$25; for the second offense \$40 and \$100 for the third offense. If this is not sufficient warning and it is repeated the fourth time the player must be suspended for the season. A committee was appointed by the council, consisting of President Ward of the Brotherhood, the popular short-stop of the New York club, Ned Hanlon of the Detroit club and Arthur Irwin of the Philadelphia club, to meet the League officials in regard to this important matter upon which hinges the existence of the League in the future. It will not do to let the goose that laid the golden egg, nor will it do for the League capitalists to ignore the demands of their players. The delegates present were Ward and Keefe of the New York club, the former president and the latter secretary and treasurer of the order; Burdock of the Bostonians, Dalrymple of the Pittsburghers, Hackett of the Indianapolis, Irwin of the Philadelphia, Hanlon of the Detroit, Pfeffer of the Chicago, and Carroll of the Washingtons.

## HENRY S. IVES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Henry S. Ives, whose portrait is given on another page, is a young man of about twenty-five years of age. He started in Wall street as an errand boy for a stockbroker. In time he came to deal in unlisted securities on behalf of different houses, and afterward on his own account. When the firm of Henry S. Ives & Co. was established it set out to buy the control of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad, and was successful. The purchase or the attempted purchase of other railroads followed, notably the Dayton and Ironton, the Chicago and Michigan, and the Terre Haute and Indianapolis, which controls the so-called Vandalia Line. Young Ives came to be known as another "Napoleon of finance." He aimed apparently to become a railroad magnate, without having a very clear idea of the proper means. It is said of him that he would buy anything, no matter what the price, which he could obtain on time, or on which he could borrow money. For a time his schemes caused him to be as much talked about as any many in Wall street, but his bargains were too reckless to permit him to continue, and on August 11 his suspension was formally announced in the Stock Exchange. The liabilities of the firm are said to reach fifteen million dollars, all incurred within six years. He's a dandy.

## PARIS UNVEILED.

Vice and Debauchery as They  
Thrive and Prosper in the  
French Metropolis.

## THEIR HAUNTS.

The Streets in Which Honest Labor is  
Jostled by Prostitution and  
Infamy.

## A SAMPLE DEN.

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## VICE AND DEBAUCHERY.

"The Rue Maubree (badly cleaned in old French) goes back in antiquity to the XIIIth century.

"It is a narrow street, which makes locomotion difficult and laborious, and it traverses a quarter of Paris which is composed of old houses tottering to their fall. These rookeries are inhabited by peddlers and hawkers, and the hard-working creatures who make the little French notions which are famous all over the world.

"A large proportion of the inhabitants of this district are honest working people of both sexes. But they are none the less often afflicted by the contact of women of ill-fame and their disreputable lovers."

"Be good enough, Monsieur le Prefect, to examine these dark and suspicious alleys and entries, and their black walls and their still blacker staircases, on every landing of which is an overflowing leaden tank to hold the slops of each floor.

"The very air is loaded with pestilence.

"On the ground floor the stores are occupied by dealers in drinks, cheap restaurants and cook-shops. Here you will find plenty of places where the broken victuals given to beggars are bought of them and cooked over again for sale.

"The entrances are nearly all lit up by lanterns overhead, which emit a feeble and quivering light. In every instance each lantern is inscribed 'Lodging House.'

"If you want to see debauchery, vice and honest labor all mingled through their common want and misery under the same roof, you had better explore this establishment, whose windows look out on a narrow, noisome court, which exhales the most revolting and nauseous odors.

"Lodgings here, by the night, cost from 15 to 30 centimes (7 1/2 to 15 cents). Such a thing as credit is utterly unknown. The motto of the place is 'No cash, no couch.'

"The apartments consist of foul dens hardly large enough to turn around in, and reeking with the most fearful stenches. Each contains for furniture a rough wide wooden frame, which barely suggests the form of a bed. This is covered with a straw mattress encased in filthy old rags. Alongside the bed is a wooden stool, which serves for a washstand and a dressing-case. A pitcher of water—without any basin—supplies meagre facilities for washing, and a lump of clay with a hole in the middle of it does duty for a candlestick.

"These dens are the lodgings of pimps and thieves on the first floor, of prostitutes and street walkers on the second, and elsewhere to the creatures who supply licensed houses with their music.

"On the first floor some of the apartments are dormitories containing from five to ten long chests filled with straw which are accepted as the equivalents of beds. All that one has to do to make them is to turn them over with a stable fork.

"Here we are in one of these dormitories which is full for the night. Did you ever look upon a more astonishing, a more repulsive scene?

"Look around, by favor of the obscure and dingy lantern!

"Every one of the lodgers is stripped to his skin, and the heap of rags which represents the clothes they have taken off to go to bed, emits a stench to which nothing could ever do justice.

"Thanks to the fact that the only window in the place has all its panes broken, the foul air occasionally leaks out and the fresh occasionally takes its place.

"Among these fellows you will find waiters out of a job, ragpickers, streetsweepers, paviors, men who work two days a week and loaf five, beggars, pimps, thieves and swindlers."

"Do the police often visit places of this character?" inquired the Prefect.

"Very seldom. Never, you may say, unless they have some specific object in view. The last raid which took place resulted in the capture of three burglars and two prostitutes who were their accomplices in a big robbery."

"Who is that fellow in threadbare clothes whom we just passed and who nodded to you?"

"That is the drunken lawyer's clerk whom we saw this evening in the Red House. When he can't find quarters here he sleeps in some police station."

"Now let us explore the Rue Filles-Dieu, which is a prolongation of the Rue de Venise. It has a history of its own, and is full of traditions. In some parts it is so narrow that, by extending both arms, you can feel the wall on either side."

"Most of the houses are out of plumb, and the stores on the ground floor are used by peddlers and hawkers to keep their push-carts in."

"The rest are inhabited by prostitutes, who pay from three to five francs a day for the use of them."

"All these women are over forty years of age, and, without exception, are drunkards of the lowest description."

"They are closely watched by the police-of-morals, who regard them as especially dangerous to young

shop-girls and apprentices, who swarm round here in the Rue Beaubourg, Simon Le Franc and Quincampoix.

"Here we are at the entrance of the Rue Filles-Dieu, for the demolition of which the residents of the Quartier Bonne Nouvelle have been petitioning for over twenty years."

"With great justice, they demand that daylight and fresh air shall be admitted into the hot-bed of moral and physical infection."

"The decent working population which inhabits the Cour des Miracles naturally shrinks from exposing its children to the contamination which thrives in this street."

"The explanation of the choice of this locality by the lowest set of street-walkers is lost in the mists of antiquity. According to the historians, as far back as the time of St. Louis there were houses of retreat here for repentant Magdalenes."

"The first and oldest of these asylums was that of the Filles-Dieu (Daughters of God), and, according to the usage of the day, criminals on their way to the place of execution at Montfaucon were obliged to make a station before the cross of the Filles-Dieu."

"The Sisters gave the poor wretches bread and wine, and the common people called the repast 'the God-crust.'"

"Time, revolution and progress have all conspired to make great changes here."

"The convents have disappeared, and in their place are installed ostentatious resorts of vice and infamy."

"This street, which is longer than the Rue des Anglais, Manbree and de Venise, is like a huge drain or sewer. It is very narrow and shut in between houses with cracked and filthy walls, which are always sweating with a hideous and indescribable moisture. One would suppose it was always raining here, so incessant is the emptying of slops out of the upper windows, where you constantly see women washing off the straw mattresses which have been slept upon by drunkards."

"The sun shines only on the roofs of these houses, and occasionally steals into their garrets. No matter how hard he may try, he can never reach the damp and stenched courts."

"Horrible and hideous as is the exterior of one of these places, it is nothing compared with the scenes inside—the crumbling walls, the stinking stairways, the slippery floors, the unmentionable insects."

"This is the home of prostitution in its vilest and most disreputable form."

"Look round on these hags. See them, in spite of the police orders, standing in their doorways soliciting for patronage with nods and winks and other gestures."

"Utterly lawless and defiant as they are, they know who we are the moment they see us. There are three of us—the regular number of a police round. Besides, a good many of them know me personally."

"Listen to the various cues and signals:

"'Oho Ugene!'

"'Oho Zehel!'

"That is a prostitute warning her 'lover' that there is danger lurking in the air."

"There goes 'Ugene' running out of that saloon. He is a pretty sight, isn't he, with his greasy, tattered trousers, his flat cap and his tawdry embroidered slippers."

"This den which we are about to enter, No. 29, is a fair sample of the licensed houses of this abominable street."

"Observe how old and battered it is."

"The ground floor is a sitting-room, or parlor, for the girls and the landlady. In this cramped and dismal den there are three pine tables covered with cloths so greasy and filthy that it makes one's stomach rise to look at them."

One of these tables is placed crossways and faces the door.

"It serves as a desk or office."

"In one corner is a tottering stove on which the meals are cooked. The fire is out and on the top of it, on a piece of greasy paper, are a long sausage, a half empty bottle of wine and a dirty tumbler."

"From the low, smoke-grimed roof of this apartment hangs a kerosene lamp. The light, directed by a paper shade, falls on a big box, painted red, on which is a foul straw mattress. An old woman is stretched out upon it, snoring, with her huge dirty-gray curls and her toothless mouth wide open, she is hideous to behold."

"The landlady, an enormous woman, is sick in bed. Her husband mounts guard at the desk and oversees the business of the den."

"He is a small, insignificant creature, sixty years of age. Thin and dry as parchment, he presents a comical appearance as he sits at the receipt of custom in his shirt-sleeves, wearing the regulation silk cap of a rowdy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WOULD NOT MARCH UNDER IT.

G. A. R. Men Make a Detour in the Gutter to Avoid  
Mr. Cleveland's Portrait.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Wheeling, West Virginia, August 28, says: The unfurling of a large banner in front of the Daily Register office in honor of the annual reunion of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, in progress during the past four days, almost brought on a serious row to-day. The banner bore a large portrait of President Cleveland, with the sentiment, "God bless the President, Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy." Last evening a telegram was sent from this city to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, describing this banner, and intimating that it had been hung out as an insult to the Grand Army of the Republic and with a view of provoking trouble.

At 11 o'clock to-day two thousand veterans arrived in the city from Pittsburgh in a condition of great excitement over the telegram. When the procession started over the line of march this feeling had been spread broadcast among the many posts in the city, and threats were made to tear down the banner. Finally it was resolved not to march under it, and as the various posts came up to the banner they turned aside and filed along the gutter with trailing flags, amid cheers from sympathizers in the crowd of spectators which filled the street for squares in a solid mass. The dodging of the banner went on, and the excitement grew as Democrats who had heard of the trouble began to crowd around from other parts of the city.

The last organization to approach the banner was Encampment No. 1 of the Union Veteran Legion of Pittsburgh. It swung up the street 200 strong, headed by a band of forty pieces, flag-staffs erect, and went squarely under the banner, the members raising their hats in salute, while the hisses of the G. A. R. men and their sympathizers filled the air. The cheers of the Democrats drowned the hisses, and the throng seemed for a moment to be on the verge of a riot. Epithets were fiercely hurled back and forth, but the affair was stopped short of violence.





WHY NOT FIREPROOF?

JONATHAN BELL, A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF OGLETHORPE COUNTY, GEO., INSISTS THAT HIS COFFIN SHALL HOLD WATER.



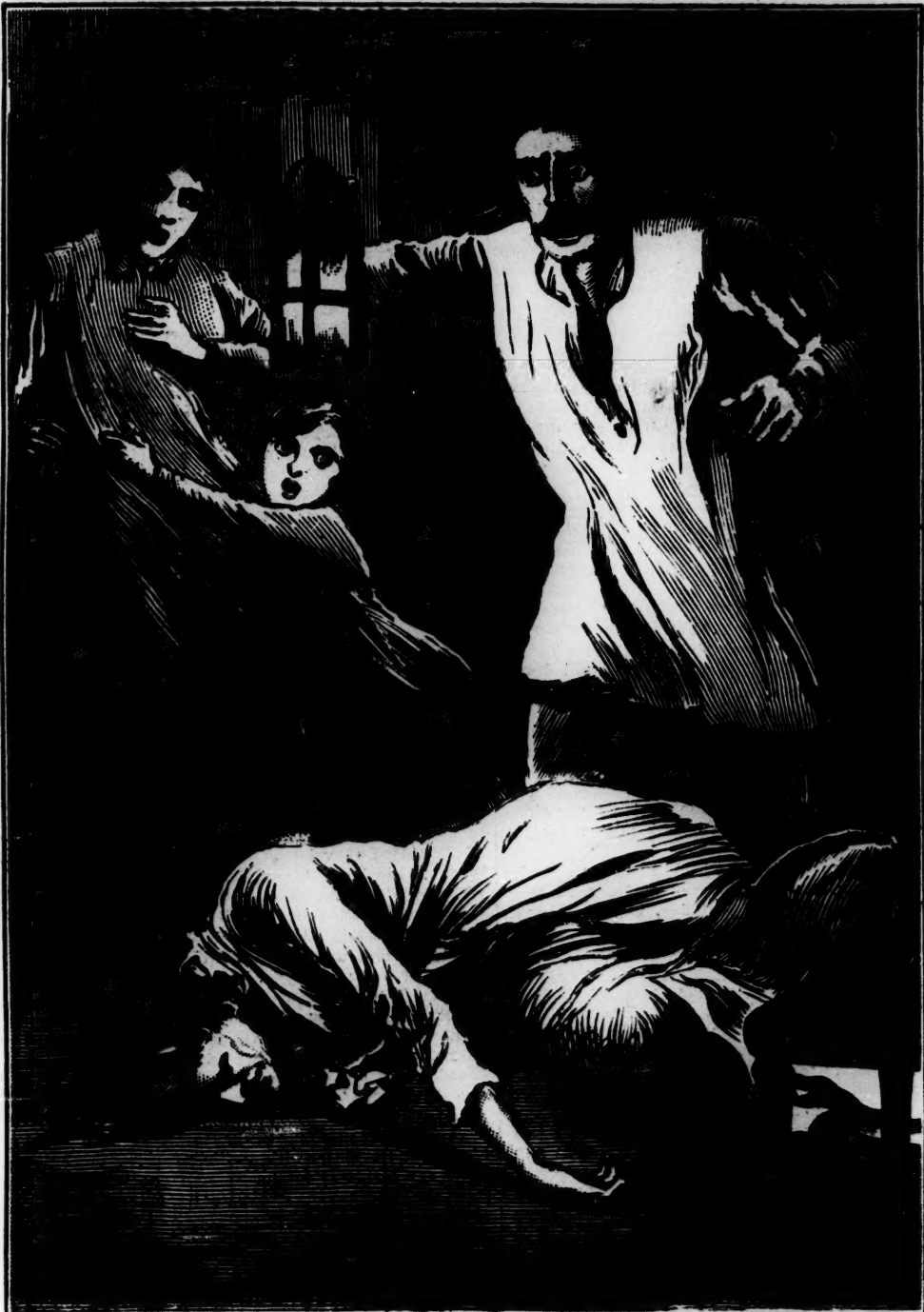
THOUGHT HE HAD 'EM.

HOW MILL-HAND HOLLIS WAS FRIGHTENED TO DEATH BY THE PRACTICAL JOKE OF A FELLOW WORKMAN.



THE REGULATION DOSE

IS WHAT A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE BESTOWED UPON RAVISHER JERRY WHITE, A BRUTAL NEGRO, NEAR VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.



KILLED HIS MOTHER.

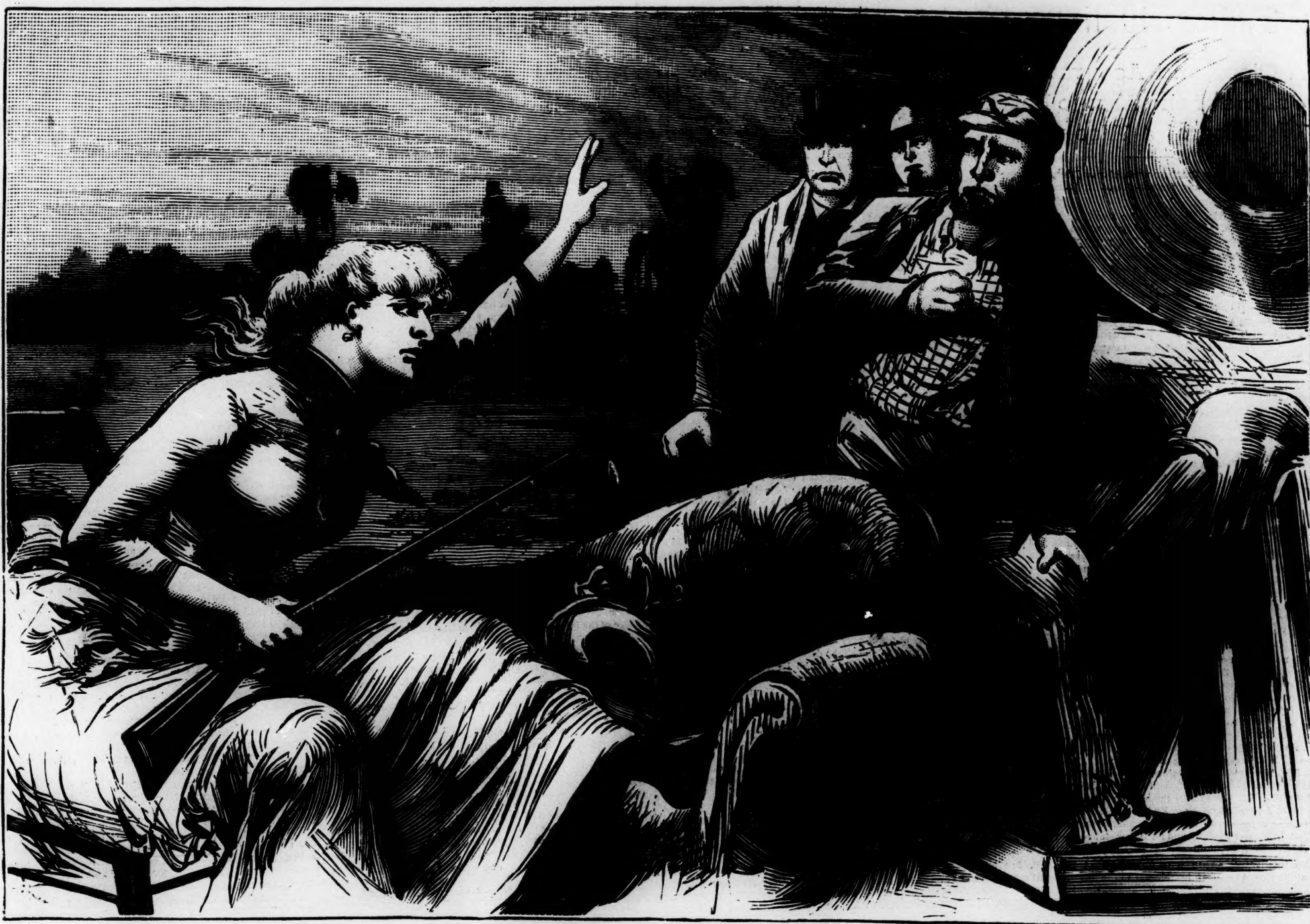
FRANK LIGHTFOOT MISTAKES HIS MOTHER FOR A BURGLAR AND SHOOTS HER NEAR POINT ICABIL, INDIANA.



WHIPPED BY HIS WIFE'S ORDER.

NINETY-YEAR-OLD AND PARALYTIC HOOFF OF ALEXANDRIA, VA., IS CRUELLY CHASTISED BY A SERVANT-MAID.





SHE CARRIED A GUN.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY, A HANDSOME LADY OF WILLIAMSBURG COUNTY, S. C., BRINGS ABOUT A COMPROMISE BY A BOLD BLUFF.



A LOVER'S DISCOVERY.

JASPER PORTER ATTENDS A FUNERAL IN JACKSON COUNTY, GEORGIA, AND FINDS THE CORPSE IS THAT OF HIS BETROTHED WIFE.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Fitzpatrick, the feather-weight pugilist, has issued a challenge to fight any feather-weight in Canada for \$250 or \$500.

John H. Clark, the old-time pugilist who fought Arthur Chambers, is credited with knocking out the 190-pounder John Lawless, near Philadelphia, for a purse of \$400.

A special from Rochester to this paper says: Fitzpatrick, the clever feather-weight, is looking for a fight with Dennis Boyle, an importation from the old country. He has good backing, and the match will probably be arranged this week. It will be with skin gloves.

Johnny McAuliffe is now down to 130 pounds and is as tough as an ox. In conversation with a reporter the champion pugilist said: "I shall fight at 131 or 132 pounds, and will be in better condition than I ever was before. My wind is good, and I can run miles without feeling tired." In order to show how well he felt McAuliffe jumped over a picket fence four feet six inches high.

On August 24 Dave Burke, a brother of Jack Burke, arrived from England. Burke, according to George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, London, is the greatest feather-weight in England. Some time ago George Atkinson wrote to Richard K. Fox that he would be just the man to back against Ike Weir for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the feather-weight championship. Burke will, no doubt, be matched against either Johnny Havelin or Ike Weir for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" belt.

The "London Sportsman" published a cable from its Sydney correspondent to the effect that a gentleman had promised J. Deebie to put up £100 to bind a match between Gaudaur and William Beach to row over the Paramatta course in the month of December. Later the *Sportsman* received a cable from J. Deebie, the champion's principal backer, stating that the issue of the correspondent's cable was quite wrong. Mr. Deebie states, however, that he is prepared to match Beach against Gaudaur on the Paramatta championship course for £500 a side or upward.

We recently received a communication from James Maymoun, of New Zealand, and several others who subscribe for the *POLICE GAZETTE* in that far-off country, asking if there was any truth in the statements made by Dick Matthews, the San Francisco boxer, now in New Zealand, that he taught Jack Dempsey how to box and trained him in several of his battles. Upon receiving the communications, a letter was forwarded to the middle-weight champion and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, in regard to the matter. In reply, Dempsey writes that Dick Matthews never trained him, and that he is making false representations to the sporting men of New Zealand and Sydney. N. S. W. Over 50,000 *POLICE GAZETTE*s are weekly forwarded to Australia and New Zealand, so that Matthews would not be able to pose as a trainer of a genuine champion, one that has fought for more money and for larger stakes than even the so-called champion, Sullivan.

The following cable was received at the "Police Gazette" office August 27 in relation to the international prize fight between Kilrain and Smith for the Richard K. Fox diamond belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world, which is to be decided in Spain next January:

LONDON, August 26, 1887.  
The second deposit of \$1,000 a side in the international prize fight between Kilrain and Smith was duly posted at the office of the *Sporting Life* to-day. I represented Kilrain and posted a draft for the amount, while John Fleming deposited a like amount for Smith. Many sporting men were present, and they appeared anxious to know that the match was to go ahead. There is no truth in Sheedy's statement that Fleming asked him to come to England and assist Smith in the coming fight, Fleming denies it.  
RICHARD K. FOX.

The New York "World," on August 27, published the following special cable: "The parties immediately interested in the coming Smith-Kilrain fight held a meeting to-day and agreed that the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt should be left in the possession of a committee of the Pelican Club until Smith or Kilrain wins it. Smith was lively and confident. Fox, Kilrain's backer, was good humored and happy and sure of Kilrain's success. Smith said he did not mean to be whipped by Kilrain. In reply to a question whether the Spanish police would prevent the fight, Fleming, Smith's backer, said that a Spanish gentleman had sent an invitation to the contestants to fight on his private estate, and there was not likely to be any difficulty, but if the Spanish government should interfere Fleming and William E. Harding will decide upon the place and time. Smith said emphatically: 'We must fight wherever we fight.' Fleming and Richard K. Fox each deposited \$200, making now \$400 a side. It was agreed that fifty participants of each should be admitted to see the fight, besides the trainers and backers."

The "Daily News," New York, Aug. 20, says: Jim Smith is having new colors made for his battle with Jack Kilrain. He expects to sell them at one guinea each, and will issue 500. If he sells one-half of them he will do well. If he receives any money for them at all he will do better. It is customary, and has been for the past thirty years, for persons who buy the colors not to pay for them if the owner is beaten. Smith has never accomplished any great feat in the ring of ropes. He defeated Jim Macle's novice, Jack Davis, and it was by that victory he was allowed to style himself champion. Gus Lambert, a wrestler, another Davis when the latter was in this country, and Prof. Mike Donovan outwitted him until the police stopped the contest at the American Institute, in this city. Smith fought Greenfield, and judges of boxing and prize ring critics are well aware that George Fryer never conquered Greenfield at Philadelphia. Later Jack Burke did so at Chicago. Comparing Kilrain's battles with Jack Ashton and Joe Lannon, the American champion is the better of the two. Besides he has height, weight and length of reach in his favor.

A slashing mill with gloves was decided recently near Tulare, Cal., between Dan Hatch, of Visalia, and Bill Hall, of Tulare. The men fought in a ring erected in a Kenwood farm-house, and only eight spectators were present. Tickets were \$2.50 each, and the money, with the \$100 stakes, was to go to the winner. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules. The battle was a long and desperate one, both men displaying great stamina and courage. Round after round was fought, first one and then the other having the lead in the fighting. At the end of one hour neither was injured, and for another hour they fought without either showing the white feather. Time and again Hall forced the fighting and punished Hatch terribly, and just as every one supposed the battle was over, again would Hatch assume the offensive. After the men had fought four hours, the spectators began to tire looking at the mill, for no one could guess how long it was going to last or who would be the victor. In the fifty-second round both were exhausted and unable to fight any longer and the referee declared the battle a draw. The men entered the ring at 12:30 A. M. and it was 4:30 when they both succumbed to exhausted nature.

A prize fight for \$2,000 is to be arranged between Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion of America, and Johnny Reagan of this city. August 29 Jake Sterns of New York called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office, posted \$100 with Wm. E. Harding and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1887.  
To the Sporting Editor.  
Understanding that Johnny Reagan of New York is ready to fight any man in America for \$1,000 a side at 145 pounds, I desire to state that I am ready to match Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, to fight Reagan according to "Police Gazette" rules, at 145 pounds, for \$1,000 a side, the fight to take place within three months from signing articles within 500 miles of New York City. To prove we mean business I

have deposited \$100 with W. E. Harding for Reagan or his backer to cover, and we will meet at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office on Friday, Sept. 2, at 3 P. M., to sign articles of agreement. Hoping that Reagan and his backers will be on hand with their money, I remain yours,  
JAKE STERN.

The \$100 was posted by Dempsey's backer, and it is probable that on Friday a match will be arranged.

Richard K. Fox, in a letter from Paris, says: "Inform Jack McAuliffe that if he is successful in his international battle for the championship with Jimmy Carney, the English light-weight champion, that I will present him with the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, which is the only emblem in America that represents the light-weight championship. At the time Carney and McAuliffe signed articles of agreement they did not ask if I would put up the 'Police Gazette' Diamond Belt for them to contend for, neither did they state in the protocol which they signed that they were contending for the trophy, which they might have done. Consequently, it must be understood that they are not contending for the 'Police Gazette' Diamond Belt, but one that is not of one third the value of the trophy I offered, and one that every sporting man is aware is not the regular championship belt of America, which Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn, and Jimmy Mitchell fought for with a stake of \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America."

Richard K. Fox's offer to present McAuliffe with the valuable light-weight championship trophy, should make him more ambitious than ever to whip Carney, and no doubt he will strain every nerve and use every endeavor to conquer the invader. Should he fail to conquer the English light-weight, then Jake Kilrain will have to avenge his defeat by conquering Jim Smith, the English heavy-weight champion.

Pat Sheedy's published announcement that Jim Smith's manager had written him a letter asking him if he would come to England and do all in his power to engineer the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, champion of America, and Jim Smith, champion of England, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world, created quite a sensation in sporting circles. But when Sullivan's manager announced that he had agreed to the English champion's manager's request, and stated that he would go to England with Sullivan and use every effort to cause the defeat of the American champion, it created a greater sensation. "The idea of Pat Sheedy," said a well known sporting man, "going back on the Stars and Stripes, and taking sides with an Englishman against his own countryman, goes to show what he amounts to. Why, every sporting man in America should ignore him." After ceding and begging from every one in this country for money to present Sullivan with a belt, he declares he will "heel" for Smith to defeat Kilrain. There is not the least doubt but that Pat Sheedy has used John Fleming's (Smith's manager) name in vain when he claims that Fleming wrote him to come with Sullivan to England, to do all in his power to assist Fleming in plotting the defeat of the American champion by unfair means. The sporting men who are behind the English champion would not countenance any such scheme, and if they for a moment supposed that Fleming was going to do any unfair or underhand work, as Pat Sheedy, by his interview published in the New York *World*, Aug. 25, claims, why they would dismiss Fleming, who is only their agent in the matter. Sheedy likes to see his name in print; there is not a more vain sporting man in America than Sullivan's manager, and the truth of the matter is that Sheedy is only looking for some cheap advertising. If there is any truth in Sheedy's statements that Fleming wants him to organize a gang to intimidate Kilrain, the American champion, all that can be done is to be prepared. Kilrain will battle on his merits according to the rules, and he only desires fair play. He will receive it in spite of Sheedy, Sullivan, and all the hirelings he can engage.

The New York *Daily News*, which is considered quite an authority on sporting matters, in reference to the above on Aug. 26 publishes the following: "Pat Sheedy has decided to fly the English flag. In conjunction with Sullivan he is to go to England to assist Jim Smith to whip Jake Kilrain, the American champion, in the coming prize fight for the championship of the world, so he claims. Sheedy and Sullivan's proposed action will cause every sporting man to ignore both of them. Kilrain is America's representative in a great international contest, and every American, no matter whether he approves or disapproves prize ring encounters, naturally desires that the American champion shall be victorious. He has publicly decided to fill a contract that the late champion refused to fill. Sullivan and Sheedy have made all the money they can from the Americans. Now they are going to England to gull the English public. They think probably that by stating that they are with England's champion they will receive more patronage."

It must be understood that Jake Kilrain goes to England as the American champion. He represents the United States like John C. Heenan did in 1859. Everyone should admire and praise Kilrain's Irish-American pluck in crossing the Atlantic and bearing the English Lion in his own den. Sullivan, with all the patronage and all the money he has received from the American public, refused to go over and fight the English champion, even after the English champion agreed to meet him on Irish soil and Richard K. Fox agreed to back Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side. The public may say what they like and scribble in the pay of the ex-champion's manager may write untruths, but still Kilrain is the American champion, and he has decided to attempt to accomplish what the Boston boxer was afraid to do, to contend for the championship of the world, and meet a foreign rival champion on a foreign shore. Win or lose, Kilrain's name will be handed down in the future history of the prize ring as a hero of the arena. He now holds the "Police Gazette" diamond champion belt, the first trophy ever offered to represent the championship of the world, and it is for the trophy and \$10,000 that he is to face the English champion, on Jan. 3, within the orthodox 24-foot ring, and battle for the stakes, trophy and the Star Spangled Banner. He is and always has been a sober, hard-working athlete. Step by step he has climbed to the top stair of the pugilistic ladder, and it is his resolve, when he faces the English gladiator in the ring of ropes to battle for the honor of his country, the United States, as long as he can see and as long as he can stand up. It must be very humiliating for Sullivan to see Pete Nolan challenging him to box for \$2,500 a side, with gloves, his pet way of fighting. Also to see Patsy Cardiff, now that he has whipped Pat Sheedy's pet, Pat Kilrain, also challenging Sullivan to again meet him in the arena. Sullivan dreads Cardiff's mauls like he did the idea of meeting Jake Kilrain, and it is not likely that the ex-champion would for any amount of money agree to meet Patsy Cardiff. Every one is aware that Cardiff is no boaster, neither are the men who are behind Cardiff, and if Sullivan or his manager were looking for matches they would quickly ratify a match with the Minneapolis boxer, but Sheedy witnessed Cardiff stand off Sullivan. He is well aware that Sullivan cannot defeat Cardiff and the result is Sheedy is afraid to allow Sullivan to try. It cannot be possible that Sullivan will go to England without fighting Patsy Cardiff, if he did why he would not stand match him, even as an ex-champion. It was set back enough for him not to be able to conquer the Peoria giant, and then to refuse to fight Jake Kilrain when he posted \$1,000 with the New York *Clipper*; but running to England to make money by exhibiting to the English sport-loving public, will detract a great deal more from his title reputation. Sporting men in England only admire the slon pure article, they have no faith in champions who are not ready to defend that title; consequently Sullivan would not be any attraction. Besides when you speak to an English sporting man about Sullivan they will say, What did the American champion ever do? Why he whipped Paddy Ryan and won the championship. Yes, and who was Paddy Ryan? He whipped poor old Goss when the latter had been on the shelf for years, and was old enough to retire. Who did he whip, since he did not whip Tug Wilson? He did not whip Charley Mitchell, neither did he whip Jack Burke or poor old stiff Alf Greenfield. This is the strain of the majority of the English prize ring critics' say of Sullivan, so that, after he refused to fight Jim Smith, he will not be a big card in England. On the other hand, Kilrain will be the star, for although the American champion is going to meet the champion of England, and the followers of the prize ring in England very naturally expect their champion will win, still, they will welcome him and praise him for accepting to fill a contract that Sullivan, who should have met their champion, refused to do. Why?

## SPORTING NOTES.

## Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

The famous race horse, The Bard, while improving in strength, has developed an abscess which may prove fatal.

Harry Tiltotson has opened a billiard hall and called it the Exchange, at Pine, St. Louis, in the Chamber of Commerce building.

T. M. Croft, the gentlemanly secretary of the Monmouth Park Racing Association says that the 1887 meeting was a grand success and exceeded the anticipations of the management.

Billy Edwards, ex-champion of light-weight pugilists, has returned from a seven weeks' summer vacation visit to Saratoga. He resumes his duties at the Hoffman House barroom.

In the bicycle contests at Shields, England, on Aug. 23, Woodside, of Philadelphia, beat Batterby by 35 yards in a mile race. His time was 2:45. Temple, of Chicago, beat Wood in a two-mile race, making the distance in 4:45.

Several of the stakes in England next year will be well worth running for. The Portland stakes will be \$50,000 for two-year-olds; \$40,000 to the winner, \$5,000 to second and \$1,500 each for the non-winner of the winner and trainer.

Early in the spring the "Police Gazette" stated that E. H. Garrison, better known as the "Snapper," would hold the pride of place in winning the jockey mounts of 1887. Garrison now leads McLaughlin by six winning mounts.

The final games in the international hand-ball match between Philip Casey of Brooklyn and John Lawlor of Dublin for \$2,000 will be decided in this city in November. The Irish champion has won six games in Cork, Ireland, to the American champion's four.

It is pretty definitely settled that Jeff Wilkes is a son of George Wilkes, whose 230 list now numbers fifty-one trotters (including Albia, breeder's record 2:29), and four pacers. Three of the latter have records from 2:16 (that of Mike Wilkes, made last week,) to 2:19 1/4.

The Western racing team of bicyclists arrived in New York last week from Chicago, and comprise the following well-known racing men: S. G. Whittaker, W. F. Knapp, Frank E. Dingley and L. D. Munger. They are to ride the Goornelly & Jaffary champion bicycle, and are under the management of T. W. Eck.

Willis J. Barnum, the well-known manager of Pleasant Beach, Syracuse, called with his wife to see the *POLICE GAZETTE* building on Aug. 29. Mr. Barnum is a famous wing shot, and lessee of Pleasant Beach, on Onondaga Lake, where the "Police Gazette" regatta was held on Aug. 13, and Albert H. Hamm won the "Police Gazette" trophy.

Charles Barnard of Boston has purchased a "Knapsack" McCarthy of Lexington, Ky., and Andrew Welsh of Hartford, Conn., the bay mare, Equity, the reported price being \$3,500. She had already been entered for the Albany and Hartford races and will trot at both places. She is young and it is claimed that she can trot a mile in 2:32. Welsh purchased her a short time ago at Buffalo, paying only \$1,700 for her.

Peter (Cadley) Reilly, formerly at the Hotel Royal and Gedgey House, a well-known sport, has gone into business in Newburgh. He purposes giving the residents a first-class sporting headquarters, and his saloon is a revelation to his townsmen. Needless to say, the *POLICE GAZETTE* will always be found on file, and by constant perusal of its pages Peter has become quite an authority on all sports. His place is No. 9 Chambers street, one door from Broadway, Newburgh, N. Y.

At Newport, R. I., Foxhall Keene, son of James B. Keene, and John Tooker played a court tennis match for a handsome cup. Tooker's half volleys and volleys were very fine, and Keene's return playing exceptionally strong. In the third set the struggle was the most severe. Keene at one time was 3 to 1, but Tooker won four straight games. Keene won the next, and Tooker the tenth and set. This set showed the best play seen for a long time. Tooker won the match—4-3, 1-4, 6-4, 6-4.

The following explains itself:  
WICHITA, Kansas, Aug. 22, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:  
Jimmie Evans, the 190-pound pugilist of Kansas City, Mo., is matched to fight John B. Johnson, the light-weight champion of Kansas, to a finish, with skin gloves, for \$100 a side and a purse of \$500, the fight to take place within 30 days of signing articles of agreement and to be fought by Revised Marquis of Queensberry rules, within 100 miles of Wichita, Kan.

C. R. MURDOCK,  
Editor Eagle, Wichita, Kan.

The Fairfax stable comprised some of the fastest horses in the country. They were managed and trained by Jimmy Roe. The horses seldom won a race, and the owners of the stable became so disgusted that they sold them out at auction. Last Thursday the three horses belonging to the stable started at Monmouth. Cyclops and Slumber won and Hercules ran second. Now the question arises: Why did not these horses win before? Were they handicapped by some book-making firm? Were they not properly trained, or what was the matter? We leave the many thousands who speculate on the turf to draw their own conclusions.

At Worcester, on Aug. 24, Thomas J. Daley of Warren, the champion of Worcester county, easily defeated Hugh Kerran of Lowell in a 3-mile running race for \$150 a side. The match was made some time ago, and occasioned considerable gossip. Daley has held the county championship since he defeated Thomas Higgins last winter. M. I. Conlin of Leominster was referee. On the start Daley took the lead and easily held it. At the end of a mile and a half Kerran, who trailed him all the way, dropped out, fairly exhausted. Daley finished the three miles. Time was taken only for the first mile, which he covered in 4 minutes 47 seconds. Kerran was the favorite, and but few bets were made. Several hundred people witnessed the race.

Hanover was again defeated at Monmouth Park on Aug. 25, in the race for the Choice stakes, one mile and a half, by J. D. Morrissey's Banbury. Summary: Third running of the Choice stakes, for three-year-olds, at \$100 each, half forfeit; \$15 only if declared by Aug. 1, 1887, with \$2,500 added; the second to receive \$500 out of the stakes; those not having won a stake for three-year-olds of the value of \$2,000 when carrying weight for age or more allowed 5 pounds; maidens allowed 10 pounds; closed March 1, 1887, with 52 subscribers, of which—paid \$15 each; mile and a half.

J. D. Morrissey's b. g. Banbury, by King Ban, dam Rosaline, 110. Dwyer Bros. of Hanover, 118. (J. McLaughlin.) 5 Time—2:45. Betting—5 to 1 on Hanover and 4 to 1 against Banbury.

Thirteen men entered the road race for the championship of Minnesota and also the championship of the Minneapolis bicycle club at the Lake Harriet Boulevard recently. The distance was twenty-five miles. Charles Barwick finished first in one hour and fifty minutes. J. Purvis Bruce was second, and J. R. Stockdale third. The prizes were a gold watch, a diamond ring and a combination shotgun and rifle, respectively. The road was very rough in places, and a strong head wind made fast riding impossible. Only four out of the thirteen entries finished. One hour and fifty minutes is the road record for 25 miles in Minnesota, the best previous record being 1 hour 55 minutes, on a trotting track by a professional, E. A. Savage, the amateur ex-champion of the State, became completely exhausted about the twenty-third mile, and had to leave the road.

Harry Phillips, the well-known Canadian sporting man, who has been prominently identified with some of the best sporting events which have ever taken place in this country and who has for some time been known as the friend and backer of Harry Gilmore, the celebrated Canadian light-weight

pugilist, is at present in Boston. He is accompanied by Bethune, the sprint runner, who successfully defeated a "ringer" a short time ago, winning several thousand dollars for himself and backers. Mr. Phillips states as his mission that he is looking for a match for Gilmore for \$1,000 a side, and this time, he says, his man is going to win, as he never was in better shape in his life. He states as the reason of Gilmore's being defeated by Hawkins that the former at one stage of the fight was knocked through a window and was severely cut under one of his arms.

Sebastian Miller, the Swiss Hercules and champion wrestler of Switzerland, arrived recently from Switzerland. He stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 200 pounds. He visited the *POLICE GAZETTE* office and was introduced to Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler. The Jap, on learning he was a regular Hercules, challenged him to put up the Richard K. Fox club, which weighs 250 pounds. Miller stripped and succeeded in elevating the massive turned wooden club. The Jap followed, but held the club up above his head longer than the Swiss champion and elevated oftener, but, in justice to the new arrival, we must say he was not in condition and had his sea legs. He cannot speak English, but his backer agreed to match him to lift the club against the Jap or wrestle for \$500 a side. W. E. Harding said he would match the Jap against him, and it was agreed that the parties meet Monday to arrange a match. The Swiss champion has defeated all the wrestlers in Europe, and a contest between the Jap and the new arrival will be interesting.

George Bubeur writes: "I should like to have something definite from Gaudaur or Mr. St. John with regard to the challenge of which there has been so much talk to row. The season here for aquatic is fast drawing to a close and I expect to start for England in about six weeks, but I should like to make a match with Gaudaur before I go. I forward you a slip from the *News of the World*, a leading London sporting paper, from which you will see that my friends there are prepared to make the match at any time. I suppose that Mr. St. John, with his usual greed for glory, will be after the championship with his 'record breaker,' but if he will take a friend's advice he will keep his dollars in his pocket, unless he has no other way of disposing of his surplus cash. John Teemer is to-day the best man that sits in a scull boat, and if he keeps in his present condition Gaudaur's chances of again being champion of America are of the past. Hamm told me before Teemer left for Toronto that he was so sure Hanlan would have no chance to win that he did not think it worth while to accompany him, but wired Fred Plaisted to go, and he himself stopped to gather in shekels at Syracuse. So, in baseball parlance, they made a double play.

Owing to the great interest manifested throughout the United States and Canada over the great struggle between James McLaughlin and E. H. Garrison, the famous jockeys, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, has decided to offer a beautiful gold, diamond-studded whip to the jockey who shall win the most mounts. The trophy will be the emblem of the jockey championship, and it will become the personal property of the jockey winning it in 1887 and 1888. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, in a letter to Wm. E. Harding, his representative, says:

"I see by the New York *Herald* that there is great rivalry existing between Jimmy McLaughlin and E. H. Garrison, the famous jockeys. Announce that in order to increase the interest and ambition of these famous horsemen that I will, on January 1, 1888, present a valuable diamond-studded whip to the jockey who has the most winning mounts at the end of the regular racing season, and it will become the personal property of the jockey if he holds it against all comers during 1888. The trophy will be one well worthy of McLaughlin and Garrison striving to win. Inform McLaughlin and Garrison of the fact at your first opportunity."  
RICHARD K. FOX.

Richard K. Fox always carries out any project of this kind, and his liberal offer should be a great incentive to both McLaughlin and Garrison to conquer the prize, not for the intrinsic value, but for the honor of winning the Richard K. Fox jockey champion emblem of America.

Billy Davis, the champion bantam weight of Harlem, and Hugh F. Boyle, of New Jersey, fought for the bantam championship of the world and a purse and stake of \$500, to a finish with kid gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, on August 25. About thirty lovers of boxing met in a private residence up town on the west side. The piano and chairs were removed and the men fought on the Brussels carpet. Boyle was the first to enter the ring, and Davis was in the parlor a few seconds later. Davis won the toss for choice of corners. He was seconded by Jim Connors and Eugene Hornbaker. Boyle was attended by Mike Dorsey and John Russell. Davis was born in New York, is 19 years of age, weighs 112 pounds, stands 5 feet 4 1/4 inches, while Boyle, who was also born in New York, is 21 years of age, stands 5 feet 2 inches in height, and weighs 110 pounds.

FIRST ROUND.—After slight exchanges Davis got his left on Boyle's nose. Sharp fighting followed, and they clinched. After some ding dong fighting time was called, and Boyle had a black eye and a big bump on his forehead.

2.—It was evident that the battle was Davis'. Both men fought shy of each other. Boyle finally delivered his left heavily on Davis' body, and the latter let go his left on Boyle's forehead, raising a large swelling.

3.—Boyle forced the fighting and Davis dodged and fought on the defensive, but all of a sudden he rushed in and landed a stinger on Boyle's stomach. From the fourth to the ninth round the fighting was even.

9.—Davis went at Boyle like a bull at a barn gate, driving him all over the ring, hitting him left and right. Boyle was badly punished. His nose, mouth and ears were swelling out of shape. Finally Davis smashed him up against the wall, where his head sounded as though his skull was cracked, when Davis let go a swinging right hander which caught on the point of his left jaw, knocking him senseless into Davis' corner. The referee declared Davis the winner. Boyle was severely punished, while Davis had not a scratch on him. Davis' backer, a well-known merchant, offered to back him for \$1,000 against any man of his weight in the country.

Gus Brown of San Francisco has issued a challenge to fight any light-weight pugilist in America at 120 pounds for \$1,000 a side or upward. Brown has recently appeared at the California Athletic Club exhibition, and has shown himself to be a clever boxer, giving some of the best set-toes the club have witnessed. The following is his record: Brown was born in the city of Flehne, Prussia, on August 15, 1865, and was 22 years old last month. He is 5 feet 2 inches high and weighs 120 pounds. His first match as a wrestler was in 1879, with Henry Salowsky, in Bradenburg, Germany, defeating him in two straight falls. He also had several wrestling matches with A. Jacobini in his native town in 1879, defeating him in each instance. In 1880 he arrived in America and appeared in a well-known Canal street sporting house in a match with Henry Lucas, the claimed champion of New York, defeating Lucas in two straight falls. He next appeared in Philadelphia in 1882 in a match with Frank Smith, again coming out victorious. He also wrestled Billy Maucally in private on November 7, 1882, with the same success. He then appeared in Chicago on December 28, 1882, in a match with Daniel Baker and defeated him in two straight falls. He next appeared in San Francisco February 18, 1883, at Harry Maynard's well-known sporting house with Frank Ward in a match for the best three out of five falls, winning the match and a purse of \$25. He was then challenged by Billy Bailey for a purse of \$50. The match took place at Maynard's on March 21, 1883, Herbert Slade acting as referee, and was won by Brown. He was then challenged by H. S. Williams, the recognized light-weight mixed wrestler of the Pacific coast. The match was catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman, for a stake of \$100. The match came off at Hallahan's sporting house on Market street, and was won by Brown. He then defeated Henry Jouglaour, of France, in a match on July 25, 1883. He also defeated Robert Muccler on October 30, 1883. On June 25, 1884, he wrestled H. S. Williams for the championship of the Pacific coast, and won the honors, and was presented with the champion silver cup by Harry Maynard. He also defeated William Sager, Antoine Muller and Jack Kelly, in subsequent matches. As a pugilist he was very successful, both in glove and bare-knuckle fights. He knocked out Jack Brady in the fifth round at Patsy Hogan's. He also whipped, in a desperate bare-knuckle fight, on August 11, 1885, Billy Oppenheimer, in five rounds. His next bare-knuckle battle was in January, 1887, with Tug Wilson, and after two terrible rounds, he succeeded in knocking Wilson out.



## THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions  
on Matters of Sport-  
ing Interest.

I attended the amateur championship swimming races at Harlem on Aug. 23, and I was surprised to see so many aspirants for amateur championship honors, and so many of them nearly up to front form and the championship class.

The officials were: Mr. Wm. B. Curtis, referee and pistol frer. The judges were: Messrs. Harry Buemeyer, W. Evans, the Schuykill Navy man, and J. W. Carter. Messrs. J. H. Abel, Jr., W. G. Morse and Prof. Goldie were the time-keepers.

The starters in the one-mile race were: Richard Datto, New York Turn Verein; C. A. A. Lunjack, Newark, N. J.; F. R. Wells, Nassau Boat Club; H. F. Cleaver, of the Schuykill Navy Athletic Club, of Philadelphia; J. D. Trask, Pastime Athletic; H. E. Toussaint, New York Athletic Club; A. Meffert, Manhattan Athletic Club; H. B. Finney, New York Athletic Club; D. Bell, New York Athletic; M. T. Quigley, Newark, and C. Holdeman and R. W. Lewis, of this city.

The start was from under McComb's Dam Bridge. The pistol shot sent the crowd away on even terms. Meffert got the best of the send-off, with Toussaint and Cleaver as his attendants. This order was maintained for half a mile, when Meffert led by 10 yards. He had swam the distance in 18 minutes 35 seconds.

Cleaver was leading Toussaint a few yards. At the three-quarter post Wells overhauled Toussaint and Cleaver, but he could not reach Meffert, who eased up toward the finish, and won by a dozen yards. Time, 35 minutes 18½ seconds. Wells passed Toussaint in the last furlong, and beat him by 4 yards. The second man's time was 35 minutes 54½ seconds, and Toussaint's time was 36 minutes 57 seconds.

In the 100-yards championship race the entry list was made up of the following athletes: Wm. T. Goodwin, Astoria Athletic Club; H. T. Braun, Pastime Athletic Club; A. Lincoln Sterne, Neptune Swimming Club, of Berlin, Germany; E. M. Vandervort, Manhattan Athletic Club; W. J. Bull, Spartan Harriers; Wm. R. Hewitt, Astoria Athletic Club; James Henderson, Dec Swimming Club, Aberdeen, Scotland; Wm. Reuss, American Athletic Club; R. W. Lewis and H. E. Toussaint, New York Athletic Club.

No sooner had the signal been given than the whole lot plunged into the water, and when they came up Toussaint was first, with Braun and Bull close up. Each man beat the water with frantic energy, some using the right arm, while others used their left arms.

Braun, Toussaint and Bull went on in a line, and it looked as though the result would be a dead heat between them, but Braun put on a mighty spurt and, shooting out the left arm, he won by six inches in 1 minute 17½ seconds. Toussaint came in second, 1 foot in front of Bull; his time was 1 minute 17½ seconds. Bull was third and his time was 1 minute 17½ seconds. Both Braun and Toussaint beat all previous records and Bull tied the figures.

Pony Moore, the well-known minstrel manager, who is so well posted on all classes of English sport since he has sojourned and managed Moore's Minstrels, says with regard to Jim Smith and his match with Jake Kilrain, "that the battle will set the Thames on fire. Why, it will create more excitement than the English Derby. Smith is a short, stout, muscular specimen of humanity, but he is very slow, and not near as clever a boxer as Charley Mitchell. He is full of pride and wants to shine as a star, no matter whether he is the most brilliant or not. Charley Mitchell was boxing with him in London, and when he found Mitchell was too quick, and possessed more science than he did he grumbled because Charley would not consent to be made a chopping block and they quit.

"What I have read about Kilrain and what I have seen told, the battle for \$10,000, Richard K. Fox's diamond belt and the championship of the world should be won by Kilrain. He is taller than Smith, possesses a longer reach and is more athletic looking. The idea of uninformed persons writing that Kilrain is overmatched because the battle is to be decided by London prize ring rules is all bosh. The only way to decide the championship is by these rules, and if Kilrain is the clever scenced boxer and tremendous hitter Mitchell claims Kilrain is, why he would have more advantage prize ring than Queensberry rules.

"Queensberry rules are well enough for amateurs to box by, but when it comes down to a prize ring contest to decide punch, stamina or bottom, then prize ring rules are the only ones to govern, a battle between two champions. From letters I have received from England I think the international prize fight will create a furore, and that it will be a desperate battle, I have not the least doubt."

Jack McAuliffe has shaken the dust off his patent leathers and is now enjoying the salubrious climate of Lake Hopatcong, which is in the mountains of Jersey. His exercise at present consists of regular hours, plenty of food, little or no drinking and plenty of walking. He is steadily working off his fat, and says he will have no difficulty in getting down to 133 pounds and being as well and as strong as that weight as he ever was. He fully understands the magnitude of the task he has undertaken, that of defeating Jim Kearney, who is undeniably a miniature Hercules, and a fistic wonder as well.

Understand a six-day's go-as-you-please race has been arranged between George Littlewood, of England, and James Alberts, to take place November 21 to 26 inclusive. They subsequently decided to make it a sweepstakes of \$100 each, open to all.

The race is to be held in either this city or Philadelphia.

At Monmouth Park the betting amounts to a frenzy. Everybody, from the grooms and water carriers at the stable up to the millionaire's wife in the grand stand, does business on a cash basis with the bookmakers. The other day at Monmouth—the day of poor Troubadour's defeat—a correspondent says he saw grandmothers with false teeth and false bangs and waves of snow-white hair betting like turf veterans, and they all seemed to be posted on the runners, too.

Half a dozen young men, in lawn tennis shirts and blue caps, with a memorandum book and fingers full of bills, pass along the serried lines of fashionable females in the grand stand and book their preferences. Just as the horses begin to string out from the paddock to the post these emissaries of the bookmaker skurry off to the betting sheds and exchange their bills for pool tickets, and before the horses have reached the back stretch the fair gamblers hold the pasteboard, equivalent for their money, in their hands.

Nor is it the demi-monde who do most of the betting. Gentlemen from Long Branch bring their diamond-bedecked wives down to Monmouth to see the races. To make it interesting, and also to humor their better halves, they make bets for them. One winning generally rivets the chain, and then day after day the women haunt the stand, till they become as familiar with the good and bad qualities of the horses as they do with the characteristics of their own children.

Left to themselves, the ladies generally make a sad mess of pool purchases. In the list of entries they usually select some brute with a pretty name, such as Snowflake or Sweet Sixteen, which is selling away down in the pools, and comes under the wire after the rest of the horses are being rubbed down.

Thursday last, when Pat Diver gave Lancaster such a hard race for first place in the handicap, a lady in the

grand stand, when urged to buy Pat for place, replied: "I shall do no such thing. Why, the name is enough to beat the poor horse." Mr. Pat Diver, after whom the horse is named, is one of New York's Board of Aldermen.

And the women usually bet hard and lose a great deal harder. Some of them go into hysterics from joy, while others cry like children when their favorites are beaten. One young woman in a brown-dotted satin dress, with diamonds in her ears and a field glass strapped over her right shoulder, went fairly wild when Subaltern won.

She forgot she had a field glass; she forgot that other people were not as wildly interested in the race as she was; and when the horses came pounding down the homestretch this potted darling of somebody's home yelled like a little fury, "Go it, Subaltern! Go it! Go it!" and as her choice went under the wire a bare winner she grasped the arm of a young man standing beside her—a perfect stranger, who colored up perceptibly—and giving it a vigorous and prolonged shake, emitting a shrill scream, exclaimed, "Ow-o-o, I knew he'd win."

In regard to Hanlan's race with Beach, George Lee says: "Hanlan will come back from Australia whining worse than before. He is a beaten man before he starts. Beach is the best man that ever sat in a boat. Why, see how he did up the whole fleet of us in England, one after another, one down and another came on, Ross, Gaudaur, Teemer, Bubeur, Perkins and myself. He didn't ask odds of any one and only wanted to meet Hanlan then. He came over to row Hanlan. Stronger than the rest of us; why, he rows in a boat ten pounds heavier than mine, and his oars, rowlocks, stretcher and everything are heavier. He wants everything strong and don't mind the extra weight. That is because he learned to row in a working boat."

It is my opinion that Lee is a little off color, and should the ex-champion be in condition on the day he meets Beach on the Nepean, he will pull through all right and the world's championship will be brought back to America for Teemer, Gaudaur and other fast and plucky scullers to fight for next summer.

By the way, Hanlan is older than when he first defeated Wallace Ross on Toronto Bay, but he has not lost his speed with the sculls, as the time of recent races clearly shows. He has been beaten in faster time than he achieved championship honors. The boats are better than they were and other scullers have learned how to rig them. Hanlan's style has also been copied by the rising men. These are the unmistakable signs of progress.

While Hanlan has all his old time speed, he is not able to hold his form with the regularity of other days. He is not as elastic as he was, and does not quickly recover from mental and physical depression. Beach, who is the older of the two men, is subject to the same fluctuations, and the chances for Hanlan to beat the Australian are good.

It is no use the press deriding Hanlan simply because he was beaten by John Teemer in a race for the single scull championship. Hanlan's record is second to none. He has traveled more miles, rowed more races and won more prizes and laurels than any man who ever sat in a shell; and he has not by any means retired yet. So that he will outlive his defeat by Teemer and win more laurels before his aquatic star sets.

If Hanlan defeats Beach he will again be on top of the aquatic ladder, and, judging from the fact that Beach is past his prime, and in his race with Gaudaur on the Thames he twice succumbed to exhausted nature, and it was only by Gaudaur's lack of condition and Beach's great pluck that he won the greatest boat race for the aquatic championship ever rowed, if Hanlan is able to give him as close a call as Gaudaur did, the championship of the world will return to America.

At Monmouth Park on August 23, the recent alleged turf scandal, in which it was claimed that Billy Donohue belonged to a bookmaking firm, and that he pulled Freedom in a race to allow the bookmaking firm to win their bets made on Bradford, was investigated, and the examination amounted to simply nothing.

Judges Withers, Galway, and McDowell met in the room of the executive committee. The charge made was that Donohue was a member of the bookmaking firm of Daly & Co. The investigation was called at Donohue's request. The distance of the race was a mile and an eighth. Freedom was made the favorite, and Appleby & Johnson's colt, Bradford, was second choice. Bradford won in the slow time of 2:04½ over a good track.

Judge Galway incidentally remarked that it was the poorest race ever made over the track when in fair condition. When it was said that it took 58 seconds to run the first half mile, Judge Withers smiled, and said that he could not find fault with that, as that was the time Laggard made the first half mile when he beat Hanover for the Omnibus stakes.

Donohue said he had been ordered by the trainer and also by the owner of Freedom to make the pace slow until within one hundred yards of the finish. But he let the horse loose in the last quarter, and when he found he was beaten pulled him up, as he always did, to save his horse.

The owner and trainer of Freedom corroborated Donohue's statement. Donohue also testified that he had no connection or dealings with the bookmaking firm of Daly & Co., and that he was not on friendly terms with Mr. Gideon, a member of the firm. Mr. Gideon also testified to the same purpose, but acknowledged that he had won on Bradford.

A representative of the "Times" was asked if had any witnesses as to the charges against Donohue. The representative replied that he had not. The hearing was then closed. It was rumored in the betting ring that Donohue had been exonerated, but no information to that effect was promulgated to the press.

I think the defeat of Hanover at Monmouth Park on Aug. 25, by Banburg, should certainly induce the Dwyer Brothers to give the great horse a rest; in fact they should throw him entirely out of training, or they may so impair his excellent qualities that they may find him next year not only unable to stay, but without speed.

The result of the Choice stakes has certainly not been what the Monmouth Park Association intended when the conditions were framed and the stake named. Had Hanover won in the time made, 2:45, it would not have been a good race. His reputation, however, would have made it something "choice."

As to Banburg, he is away below even second-class form, and probably under any other rider than Garrison he would not have beaten Hanover. As it was, the struggle was very close, but so completely is Garrison wrapped up in the idea of beating MacLaughlin, that when the two come together the "Snapper" throws style, rule, instructions and everything else to the winds, and in his famous get-there style becomes the veritable "demon" rider, a term that has been applied to more than one of England's most famous jockeys.

The "Mail," Toronto, says: "Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith are to fight on the estate of the Marquis de San Basilio, one of the richest noblemen in Spain. Thirty years ago the Marquis was a peddler in Guyana, Mexico. He made money enough to buy a lieutenant in the army, and was advanced through all the grades to a brigadiership. The Republic was knocked out and he became a pauper. Next he married a widow with \$12,000,000, his only rival having been murdered three weeks prior to the event. The wife had been cook for a Frenchman, who, with her help, discovered a silver mine on his property."

"Our ex-match peddler and brigadier-general took his wife over to Spain, where she suddenly died, and within the year following two of the children by her first husband followed her to the grave. A third child left the household and went to England, where he is now in litigation for the property with his stepfather. When the sorrows of this adventurous man were appeased he sought acquaintanceship at the Court of Queen Isabella, and finding favor in her eyes he was made a Marquis and given a royal estate. He is very fond of outdoor sports, and after the fight will accompany the American party back to New York."

## FISTIANA'S HEROES.

## The Game Battle Between Tom King and Jem Mace.

The second great international prize fight between England and America was the great battle between John C. Heenan, the Bendigo Boy, champion of America, and Tom King, of Stepney, London, champion of England. The match came about in this way.

After Heenan had sojourned in New York for a while he went to Buffalo, where he visited Judge Roy, there being an indictment against him for the Price and Kelly fight. Heenan was fined \$300, which he handed to the Judge on October 16, 1886, and left the court. In 1882, Heenan being lionized wherever he visited, decided to re-visit England. He left New York on March 22, 1882, and reached England on April 2. His second trip to England was made to fight any man in Great Britain. Tom King and Jem Mace were matched to fight for the champion belt that Heenan and Sayers had fought for, and Heenan longed to gain possession of the trophy, laboring under the false impression that he would be allowed to win it. Mace had whipped King after a desperate battle in which 48 rounds were fought in 1 hour and 8 minutes and then held the champion belt. On Heenan's arrival in England he traveled with Tom Sayers, and they journeyed to witness the second fight between Tom King and Jem Mace, but it was all over before they got there, and Heenan found that instead of having to challenge Jem Mace to fight for the championship he would have to meet Tom King. The latter was challenged by Jem Mace, who was anxious to regain the championship, but King refused to fight, and Mace was again champion. King, however, was informed that Heenan came over to fight, and he agreed to arrange a match with him for \$2,000. The stakes were the largest amount ever put up for a prize ring battle in England. Heenan, however, after the great and desperate battle with Sayers, had no trouble in finding backers, and no doubt if King had offered to fight for twice the sum he would have been quickly accommodated, as Heenan had plenty of supporters. Tom Sayers found £50 in the stakes and agreed to second Heenan. As soon as the match was made it created a furore on both sides of the Atlantic, but the opinions of sporting men were divided on the probable result and the supremacy of the pugilists. Several claimed that Heenan was not physically as great a pugilist in 1883 that he was in 1880 when he fought Tom Sayers. Many also labored under the impression that the terrific antecedents Heenan had received in the battle with Tom Sayers would injure his chances in a match with a pugilist like Tom King, who was only two years Heenan's senior and his equal in science and strength. Other sporting men looked upon Heenan as invincible and were ready to bet odds that he could not only whip King but Jem Mace. Of course their opinions were only based on the fact that Heenan would be allowed fair play.

King was born at Stepney, London, England, August 14, 1855. He is 5 feet 2 inches in height, and weighs 210 pounds untrained, and trained 180 pounds. He first entered the ring under the able tutelage of Jim Ward, the noted English pugilist, and one of England's oldest champions. He was styled "Jim Ward's Big 'Un," and in his youth figured in boxing bouts at the numerous exhibitions at Shoreditch, London, and the suburbs. He displayed great pluck and science, and gained quite a reputation by his pugilistic abilities. King's first essay in the ring was with "Brighton Bill," a sturdy, muscular pugilist who had gained considerable reputation in sporting circles, owing to his blustering manner and his ready desire to administer a thrashing to any one who thwarted his pretensions to become a champion pugilist. King met the bully and gave him a severe whaling with his ponderous mawlers, but Brighton Bill was in the race and made it warm for King for a time during the "break-away." King's first regular match was with the noted Jack Smith, of Portsmouth. The pugilists were to mill according to the rules of the British Benevolent Pugilistic Association for £50. The Portsmouth bruiser, however, wisely concluded not to meet King, and forfeited at the time of putting up the second deposit.

Smith was looked upon as a pugilist possessed of great grit and courage, and the fact of his refusing to meet King created no little surprise. King then received forfeit from Champ, a pugilist of Newgate, and his backers decided to match him against Tom Truckle, a pugilist who weighed 160 pounds, and stood 5 feet 10½ inches in height. Truckle had fought a draw with Jack Smith, of Portsmouth, who forfeited to King, and he was looked upon as a pugilist certain to whip King. The fight took place in the London District on Nov. 17, 1880. King came to the post in excellent condition, although he had to train from 210 pounds to 180 pounds. In fact, many supposed that this weakened him. Truckle came to the post in the pink of condition, but King had the advantage in height, weight and length of reach, and consequently was made the favorite at 25 to 24. Bob Travers, the darkey, and Johnny Walker, seconded Truckle, while through the influence of Bill Richardson, of the traditional Blue Anchor, at Shoreditch, King had the services of Jem Mace and the noted Bos Tyler. The fight was a one-sided affair. King fought according to the advice of Jem Mace, who taught him several points which King put to good advantage, not only in this battle, but also in his two great battles with his tutor, Jem Mace, afterwards.

Truckle gained first blood, and King gained first knock-down. After 10 rounds had been fought, it was plain to be seen that King would win, for he either fought or threw Truckle heavily every round. The fight was continued up to the forty-ninth round, when King was hailed the winner. The fight lasted 1 hour and 2 minutes. Bill Evans, alias young Broome, was then an opponent for King. Broome stood 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighed 156 pounds. He had fought Kangaroo Smith, Tom Roberts and Ike Baber, and had proved himself a pugilist of no mean pretensions. The pugilists fought for £100 at Trimley, Eng., on Oct. 21, 1881. King, as in this battle with Truckle, had weight decidedly in his favor, also height and length of reach. The fight was a one-sided affair, as Evans was knocked down nearly every round. On time being called for the forty-third round, King let drive right and left, and landed a terrific blow on Evans' nose, breaking his smelling apparatus and sending him staggering to "grass." Evans fell all of a heap like a log, and was carried insensible to his corner.

King was then hailed the victor, and loudly cheered. The battle lasted 42 minutes, during which 43 rounds were fought. He was matched to fight Jem Mace, the champion of England, for £200 a side and the champion belt. The match created quite a stir in sporting circles, and as both pugilists had a host of admirers and supporters, the match was the means of great speculation. Mace was, as he should have been, a heavy favorite, but King's supporters backed him heavily, and accepted the £10 to £5 offered by the friends of Mace. The great battle was fought at Trimley, Eng., on Jan. 28, 1882. He weighed 176 pounds, four pounds less than his weight was when he fought Truckle and Evans. Mace fought at 158 pounds, just ten pounds less than when he fought Joe Goss. Bob Travers and Jack Hicks seconded Mace, while Jack MacDonald and Bos Tyler seconded King.

In the opening of the fight both pugilists displayed great science. Terrific pelting characterized the fighting, and King gained first blood. Terrible fighting ensued in the twentieth round, and it ended in King knocking Mace down by a terrific left-hand blow on the jaw. Mace was carried to his corner in a critical condition, and the betting changed in King's favor. Mace came to the scratch at the expiration of the usual thirty seconds, and for a time he fought shy of his powerful opponent. Round after round was desperately contested, and King appeared to have decidedly the best of the fighting up to the thirty-third round, when Mace turned the tables and out-fought and out-wrestled King. On went the desperate struggle until forty-one rounds had been fought, when Mace had King holding signals of distress. On time being called for the forty-second round King rushed at Mace, landing right and left heavily on Mace's body. Mace jumped back, and then delivered a terrific upper-cut on King's jugular. King rallied and then both closed. Mace then displayed his great science and strength as a wrestler, and he hipped King and threw him with terrific force. King's head struck the ground with a heavy thud, and he lay senseless. He was quickly carried to his corner by his seconds, and every remedy was applied to bring him to without avail. MacDonald bit King's left ear, probed under his finger-nails with a lancet, but all to no purpose. King lay insensible, and MacDonald threw up the sponge, and Mace was declared the winner of the struggle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX.

"Police Gazette" Publishing House,  
Franklin Square, New York.

J. H. Troy, N. Y.—147 pounds.

R. R. H. Rochester, N. Y.—Yes.

S. A. C. Westfield, Mass.—2:08½.

J. H. Chicago, Ill.—Have not his record.

J. O'B., Mamlopa, B. C.—On Feb. 7, 1882.

S. A. W., McAnthur, Ohio.—49 years of age.

READER, New York.—Tom Henry was born in Bury, England.

W. J. S., Topeka, Kan.—We cannot settle the question in dispute.

M. N., Pittsburg, Pa.—There is a premium paid on coins of that date.

SUBSCRIBER, Wilmington, Del.—The Hoffman House, New York.

W. N., Richmond, Va.—Duncan C. Ross is not over 6 feet in height.

M. S., Bangor, Me.—B wins first prize and A wins second; C is entitled to nothing.

G. O., Denver, Col.—When Maud S. made her fast time she was driven in a sulky.

J. T., Havre de Grace, Md.—Joe Goss was born at Northampton, Eng., Nov. 5, 1863.

L. O., Minneapolis, Minn.—Jem Mace and Bob Brettie only fought once as antagonists.

K. O. S., Brownsville, Texas.—Joe Coburn's battle with Ed. Price lasted 8 hours 30 seconds.

G. M., Annapolis, Md.—1. Jim (Australian) Kelly did challenge Joe Coburn to fight. 2. June, 1883.

J. D., Auburn, N. Y.—Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It is just the book you want.

R. W., Ithaca, N. Y.—John Gillen opened 2,000 oysters in 1 hour 20 minutes, at Albany, N. Y., on Nov. 30, 1885.

N. C. L., Ashland, N. Y.—Yes; Charley Lynch, the American pugilist, was presented with two belts in England.

J. W., Gainesville, Texas.—John L. Sullivan weighed over 200 pounds when he sparred with Charley Mitchell. 2. No.

T. H., Glendale, Pa.—Sullivan never knocked Mitchell over the ropes; he pushed him through the ropes. 2. The deuce.

W. F., Pittsburg.—Duncan C. Ross states that the place of his birth as given in the "Sporting Man's Companion" is correct.

G. W. J., Garco, Cal.—1. Yes, by fifty men. 2. Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion" to this office. It contains all the records.

E. J. P., Binghamton, N. Y.—"The Sporting Man's Companion," published by Richard K. Fox, contains a table which gives the value of old coins.

LIONEL, Omaha.—The fastest time on record for rowing three miles is 19 minutes 30 seconds, made by Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, at Pullman, Ill., May 30, 1887.

G. W. Z., Frostburg, Allegany Co., Md.—1. Yes. 2. Richard K. Fox proposed to match John L. Sullivan to fight Jem Smith for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side and the championship of the world. Smith accepted the challenge, which was published in the *Sporting Life*, London, and Sullivan then backed out.

J. W. B., St. Louis.—1. No. 2. The distance of the Goodwood Cup is 2½ miles. 3. The race for the trophy this year, 1887, ended as follows:

Duke of Westminster's Saville, 3 years, by Hampton—Lilian, 177; G. Barrett.

Mr. Douglas Baird's St. Michael, 4 years, by Springfield—Land's End, 8-12; T. Cannon.

W. W., Leadville, Col.—The Grand Prize, of Saratoga, was run on Aug. 13, 1887, and J. D. Morrissey's (of Colorado) Kaloolah won. The following are the winners of the Grand Prize:

1879—Puryear &amp; Co.'s Dancheff, 4, 113 pounds. .... 3:07

1880—Dwyer Bros.' Luke Blackburn, 3, 116 pounds. .... 3:07

1881—J. Williams' Chetnate, 6, 124 pounds. .... 3:01½

1882—W. M. Conner's Gildella, 6, 116 pounds. .... 3:01

1883—Darden &amp; Co.'s Mediator, 4, 113 pounds. .... 3:04½

1884—B. J. McEwell's Gen. Monroe, 6, 126 pounds. .... 3:09

1885—J. T. Williams' Bob Miles, 4, 120 pounds. .... 3:13½

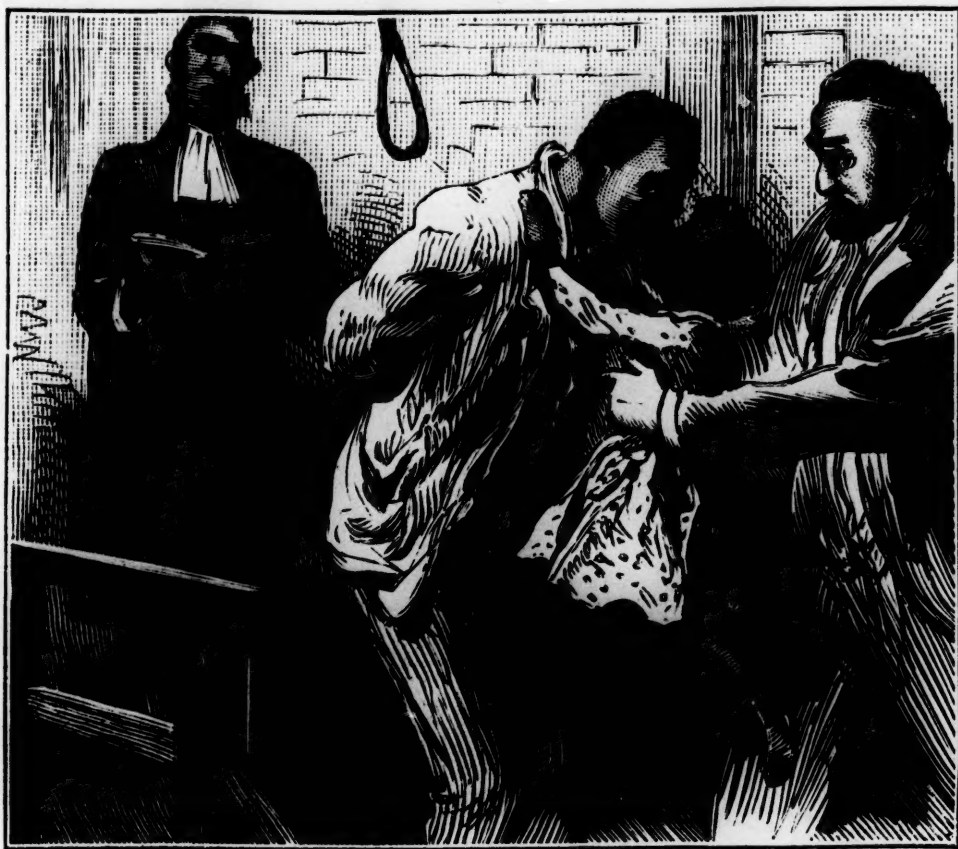
1886—Summit Stable's Royal Arch, 6, 108 pounds. .... 3:09½

1887—J. D. Morrissey's Kaloolah, 4, 106 pounds. .... 2:59½

J. W., Newburg.—1. The Executive Committee of Monmouth Park had no jurisdiction in the middle between the bettors and bookmakers at Monmouth Park. 2. The bookmakers pay a heavy premium for the privilege of making books on race tracks, and it is not fair to suppose they must not receive some protection. Those who speculate on the turf should not put up their money with their eyes shut, and if they would look before they leap when wagering their money they would never have any trouble. Parties who backed Luna Brown would not have backed The Bourbon even if he had been on the boards, and after The Bourbon was slated those who backed Luna Brown could have backed The Bourbon for a place. The bookmakers, as a rule, paid Luna Brown tickets up to the time that The Bourbon's name was put up as a sure starter, but they would have been foolish to pay tickets on Luna Brown after that time, for they could not afford to pay two winners. The bookmakers, as a rule, try to act fairly with the public. They do not offer odds enough, to be sure, and then the public are not compelled to accept them. It is foolish to play any game unless the player is willing to abide by the rules governing the same. The Bourbon and Luna Brown wrangle could have easily been settled in this way. Luna Brown 1. Relax 2, up to the time The Bourbon was bulletined. After the latter was put on the slates, The Bourbon first, Luna Brown second, those who had backed Luna Brown straight and place and Relax for place, prior to The Bourbon being put up, should have received their money, and after only The Bourbon straight and place tickets and Luna Brown for place were entitled to be paid. Relax money for place was lost. The majority of the bookmakers paid this way, and they did all they were entitled to do.

J. W., Pittston.—Jem Smith was born in the parish of St. Luke's, London, England; he is 5 feet 8½ inches high and fights at 182 pounds; his physical measurements are as follows: chest, 40½ inches; waist, 36½ inches; hips, 40½ inches; thigh, 24½ inches; calf, 16½ inches; biceps, 15½ inches; he has weighed, untrained, 212 pounds; he made his debut in pugilism in 1882, when he won a boxing competition open to 140-pound pugilists in London; same year he defeated Bob Preston in a bare knuckle fight in 8 rounds, occupying 20 minutes, near London for \$40; same year in London won the all-England boxing competition for 164-pound men; same year, at St. Luke's, with bare knuckles, beat Liddard, middle-weight, in 6 rounds; same year beat Snavey, of Oliver, 164-pound man, with gloves, in 4 rounds; in 1883 won the open boxing competition at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, for middle-weights, defeating Bill Brand, Bob Preston and Arthur Cooper; same year beat Bill Davis, with knuckles, near London, for \$50, time of fight one hour; same year beat Henry Arnold, with gloves, for \$50, near London, 14 rounds occupying 55 minutes; same year, at Barket, whipped Skidmors, a 16-stone (224 pounds) man in 3 rounds, with gloves; Dec. 17, 1884, defeated Wolf Bendoff in a hard glove fight to a finish, for \$100 and won in 12 rounds. In this fight Smith broke his left arm in the third round; in 1882, in the heavy-weight glove competition, open to all comers, at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, beat Sugar Goodson, Wanop and Longer, the last named in the final, winning the competition; Dec. 16, 1885, at Godstone, England, for £200 a side and the ring championship of England, beat Jack Davis with bare knuckles, 4 rounds, lasting 15 minutes; Feb. 14, at Maison Lafitte, near Paris, France, for £200 and the championship of England fought Alfred Greenfield, of Birmingham, 13 rounds. Smith had the best of the fight when Greenfield's partisans broke into the ring. Jem Mace, the referee, declared the fight a draw; soon afterwards Smith was matched to fight Jack Knifton, the si-ton-er, as he is called. The men met three times, once near Paris, France, the second time near London, and the third time in London. On the first occasion Knifton refused to fight because Smith's friends predominated, and the police broke up the fight after two meetings.





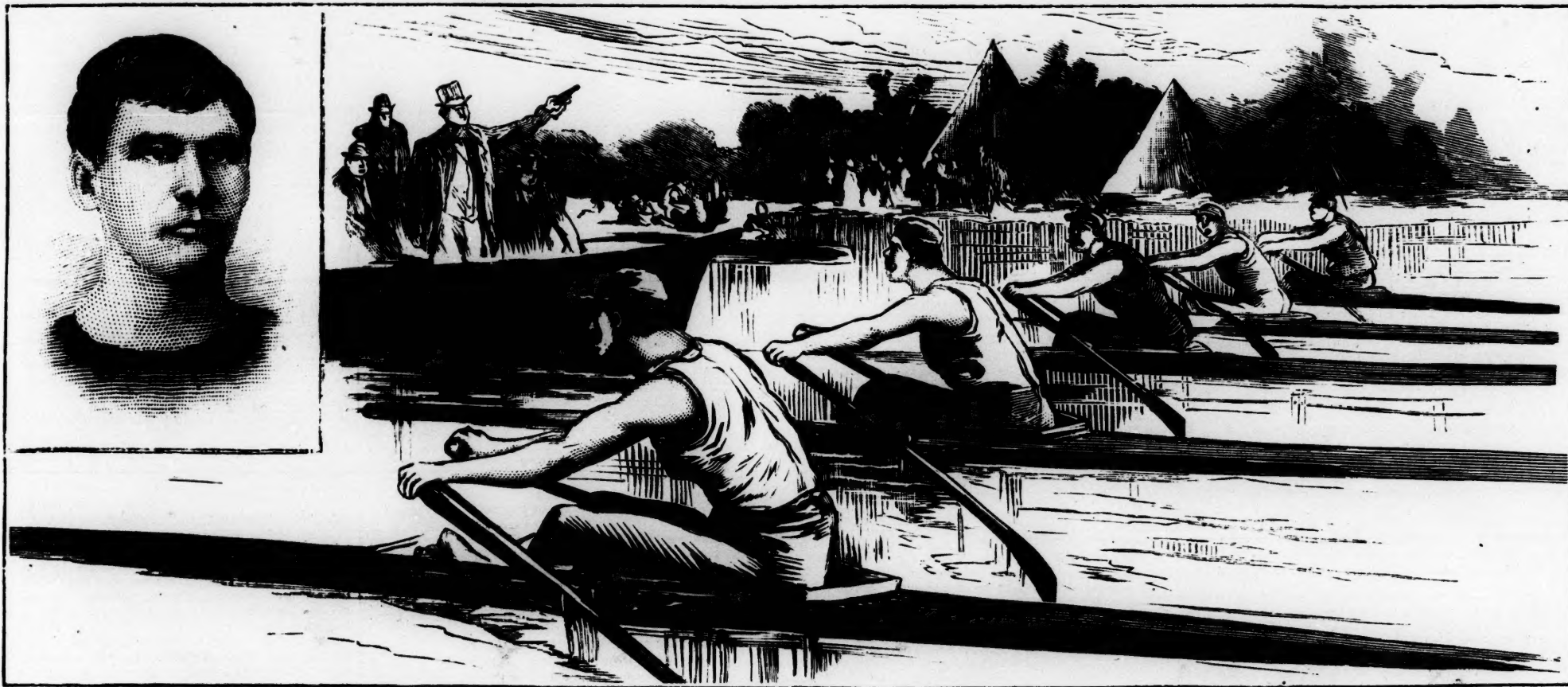
A GALLOW'S KISS.

TALTON DANZY, THE DUSKY SLAYER OF PERKINS, KISSES HIS BABY FAREWELL ON THE SCAFFOLD AT THE FATAL MOMENT, CAMDEN, S. C.



A "ROMAN" DRUMMER.

YOUNG GOULD, A COMMERCIAL HUSTLER, IS FIRED INTO THE STREET CLAD IN A BEDSPREAD AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.



A BIG RACE.

THE GREAT CHAMPIONSHIP STRUGGLE FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE" TROPHY WHICH WAS GALLANTLY WON BY ALBERT HAMM.



BLACK AND WHITE.

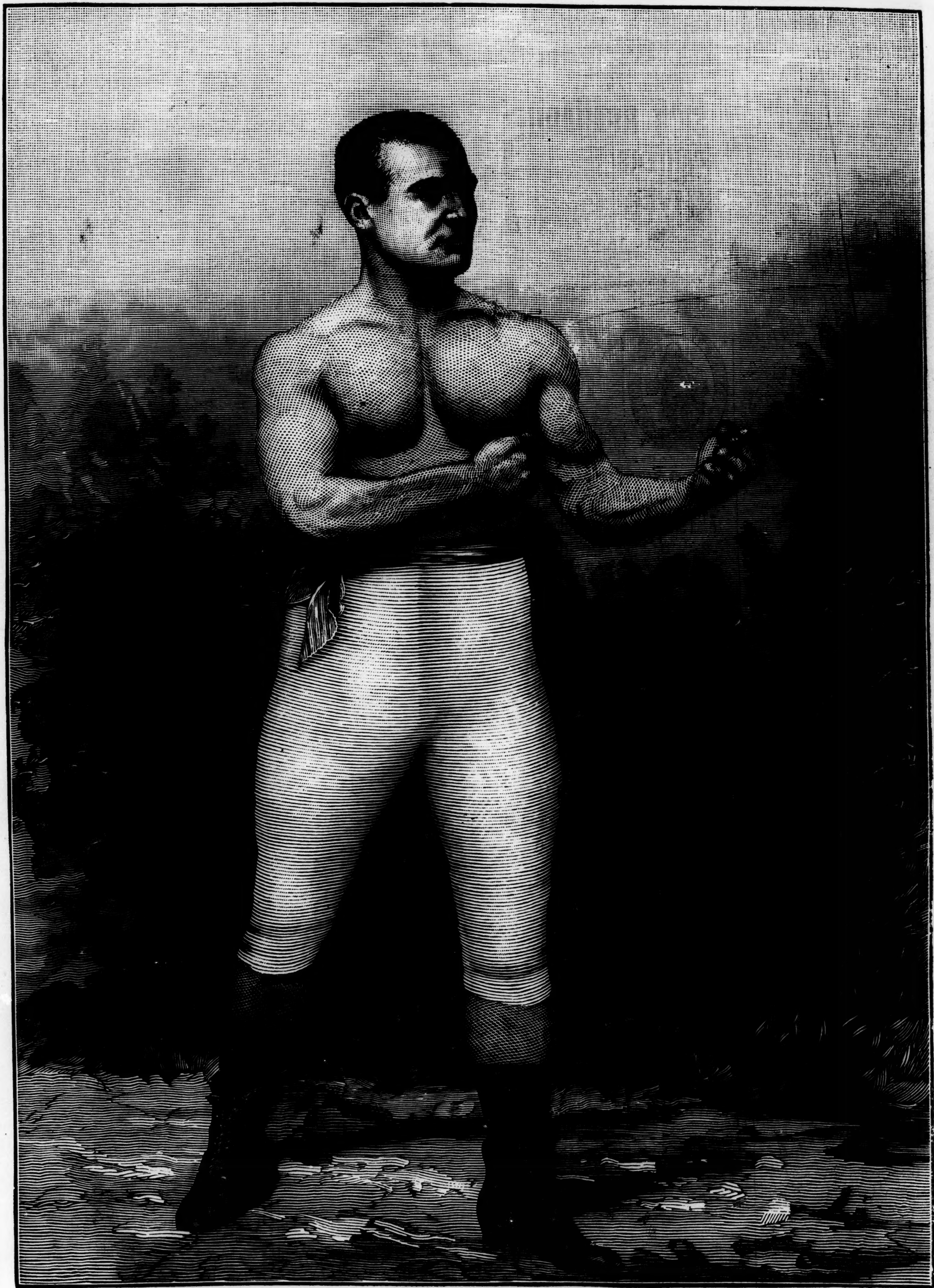
A WAR OF RACES SETS IN THROUGH A QUARREL BETWEEN A NEGRO AND A WHITE MAN IN LONOKE COUNTY, ARK.



THEY WOULDN'T MARCH UNDER IT.

GRAND ARMY MEN AT WHEELING, W. VA., TRAIL THEIR FLAGS UNDER THE PRESIDENT'S PORTRAIT.





ANOTHER VIEW OF HIM.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF JEM SMITH, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED IN LONDON.



## CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum, invisible, comfortable and always in position. Convalescent, 1141 whistlers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. COX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

## AN INVESTMENT THAT PAYS BIG INTEREST UPON A SMALL CAPITAL.

Advertising patronage is frequently placed in mediums whose claims to circulation are far in advance of their merits, and if a test is made in a way to know what returns you get, it would prove very unremunerative.

In this respect the POLICE GAZETTE stands unrivaled and without a peer. Any business that solicits orders by mail or express, direct to the advertiser, independent of sales through other sources, will corroborate the efficiency of our advertising columns, as exemplified by the

## OPINIONS OF OUR PATRONS.

An advertiser who says he does not want a notice gratuitously, under date of Aug. 15, writes: "I was induced to pay for an advertisement twice in a journal professing to possess a large circulation, and all I received for half the amount I pay the POLICE GAZETTE was an application for two or three catalogues. I am advertising in a certain way, but practical experience dictates to me that I have received 8,000 orders from POLICE GAZETTE readers since November last, 1885, I will hereafter make no other purchases in other waters. If any one doubts this statement they can be assured of its truthfulness by purchasing the entire batch of correspondence for fifty dollars, addresses of which have not been copied or used by any other advertiser."

Our experience with your paper as an advertising medium has been thus far highly satisfactory. Yours truly, IDEAL NOVELTY CO., Per N. W.

Will say (as to my experience in regard to your paper) I have found it to be an excellent advertising medium. I have used upwards of 500 publications and have received fully as many answers to my advertisement in your paper as all the rest combined. Yours truly, etc., W. MARTIN.

I am more than pleased with the results of my 2-line card in the GAZETTE. Have received replies from nineteen States in less than twelve days from appearance of my ad. Your customers will have my best attention, and the GAZETTE will be one of our mediums. S. H. HAWTHORNE.

I notice that many of your advertisers have stated their experience with the GAZETTE as a medium. I am free to say that a ter using the paper more or less during the twenty years I have been in business, it is one of the best paying advertisers in the country. R. F. CATON.

I wish to say that I have more returns from your one paper the last month than I have had with twenty other papers. It is a grand medium for advertisers. MADAME M. LATOUR.

We have read your little book and carefully corroborate the testimony of your other advertisers. We at first doubted some of the letters, but are now prepared to believe everything said in favor of the GAZETTE as an advertising medium. Our various advertisements in your paper have brought hundreds of answers from all sections of the country, and have kept us busy as we could wish filling orders. We expect soon to have a trade all over the country by advertising through such a good medium. Your price is high, but it pays. We will forward advertisement for next week. Yours truly, BRISTOL NOVELTY CO., per H. L. B.

HARRY E. MILLARD, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the Celebrated Millard Mustache Wax and Semolin Cosmetic.

My returns as yet, such as I have not, have proven to me the vast amount of territory your paper covers, as I have got as early as this returns from California and Maine, from Minnesota to Florida, and that proves to me your paper is the only paper that will reach the large body of barbers in the smallest space of time and cheapness of outlay for advertising. Yours truly, HARRY E. MILLARD.

Sir—We find as you justly claim, that it is the best advertising medium in the world. Respectfully yours, MAHLER BROS.

We must say your paper is the paper of papers, as it has increased our business considerably. Yours respectfully, MAHLER BROS.

Our advertisement in the GAZETTE has surprised us. We were overrun with answers and orders. Shall advertise regular. All we could do under the circumstances was to fill the orders received from our advertisement in your paper. STANDARD BOOK CO.

We sent you a four-line advertisement three weeks ago that has brought in ten times as many orders as papers we advertise in. Your paper is certainly the best advertising medium in America. THE WILLEY CHEM. CO.

We have found, as many others no doubt have, that the POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising agent in the United States, if not in the world. MAHLER BROS.

Our returns from your paper are all we can ask—more than we expected. THE IMPORTING CO.

Received your kind letter to-day, saying as mistake was made you would give me the benefit of another insertion of advertisement No. 444. Your kindness is appreciated, though if I had known that I should have received answers as I have already done, I should never have bothered you about putting it in again. I have some little acquaintance, and shall boom your paper as the best advertising medium that I have ever tried. H. BERLAND, P. O. Box 604.

Your esteemed favor covering order for books from Belfast, Ireland, to hand. This is only another evidence of your widespread circulation. We have had orders from Shanghai and from Australia, also accredited to the GAZETTE. UNION SUB. AGENCY, Box 203, Woodbury, N. J.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, \$1.00 per line. Reading notices, 2.00. Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 inches each, and 24 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE. No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display. During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must accompany all orders. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule. ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers. Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

## PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

## SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBES AND COPAIBA** Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label with the signature of TARRANT & CO. N. Y. upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## A POSITIVE CURE.

**Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.** No sickening results as from the use of catheters, copalins or oil of sandalwood which are certain to produce dyspepsia. Price \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. J. C. ALLAN CO., CURE, P. O. Box 188 or 25 John St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## BROU'S INJECTION.

Hygienic, Infallible and Preservative. Cures promptly, without additional treatment, all recent or chronic discharges of the Urinary Organs. J. Ferre (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris. Sold by druggists throughout the United States. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Docteur Sandalwood**, in seven days; avoid imitations; buy Docteur, it is genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cts. All druggists. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Mental and Physical Prostration.** Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## SPORTING.

## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN JAKE KILRAIN &amp; JEM SMITH FOR \$10,000.

The Police Gazette Diamond Belt, and the Championship of the World, Is made at last, and will be fought on Jan. 3, 1888, within one hundred miles of Madrid, Spain. There is no doubt that the interest in this will surpass that taken in the Heenan-Sayers fight in 1880. Arrangements have been made with correspondents in London to send Special Cable Reports of everything transpiring about the fight that will be of interest to the public, and will be published and illustrated weekly in the Police Gazette.

**RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.** P. O. Box 40.

## PERSONAL.

**ARE YOU MARRIED?** If you are not, and you should join this society, which pays its members \$250 to \$1,000 at marriage. Circulars free. N. W. MUTUAL ENDOWMENT SOCIETY, Box 846, Minneapolis, Minn. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**MARRIED LADIES** or those contemplating marriage, will, by sending 10 cts. to pay postage, receive by return mail a package of Goods and Information important to every lady. F. E. BRILL, New Haven, Ct.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.** Know Thyself. Just published, (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

**Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills:** \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

## DRY GOODS.

**LADIES' AND MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.** Complete Assortment: write for Illustrated Catalogue, sent free. MAHLER BROS., 605 and 607 6th Ave., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## AGENTS WANTED.



**H. WOLF.** 250 & 252 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**WANTED**—Agents to handle the New Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Greatest novelty ever produced. Erases ink in two seconds, no abrasion of paper. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. One agent's sales amounted to \$20.00 in six days; another \$32.00 in two hours. Territory absolutely free. Salary to good men. No ladies need answer. Sample 35 cents. For terms and full particulars, address, THE MONROE ERASER CO., Manufacturers, La Crosse, Wis. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**AGENTS WANTED (Sample FREE)** for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corset, Brushes, Belt, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. Scott, 843 Broadway, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**WATCH FREE!** If you want one send your address with 2-cent stamp to J. E. SLOANE & CO., Hartford, Conn. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Diseases of men a specialty.** Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Counterfeit Money** not any. (1) sample for inspection, 10c. Address, Box 151, Rutland, Vt. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**\$40 a Day.**—Lock Box 19, Wareham Mass.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

**JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sporting Photographer,** 28 Bowery, N. Y., can furnish portraits from life of all the celebrities, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Healy, Ned Hanlan, John Teemer, Jim Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting season should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills.** \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**PHOTOS—\$1 worth of Samples** mailed for 25c. Please send 2-cent stamp and name. Send now to J. A. WARREN, Photographer, Cadiz, Ohio. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**SET of 3 (elegant), 25c.; set 2 (choice), 25c.; 100 Stage Photos, 25c. 100 Beauty Photos, 25c. 100 Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.**

**40 PHOTOS ATTRESSES IN TIGHTS, 10c.** 12 others, a surprise. Beauties, 25c. Importing Co., Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Too funny for anything!** 14 spirited pictures, "before and after marriage," 20c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**10 Cartes de Visites actresses in tight, 25c.; 10 Cabinets, 50c.** McGill, 304 Henry St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Send 25 cents for set of 5 photos of Beautiful Women.** 6 sets for \$1. Box 59, Northford, Ct.

**Set of Six Pretty French Girls, 15c.; 12c.** Lock Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

**20 photos (card) 10c.** Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**FAIR LISTS** We are headquarters on Cane, Pocket Knives, Balloons, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Our lists contain everything new out this season for the Fair and Circus trade. Sent free. LAMOS & CO., Chicago, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**FOR SALE.**—Newfoundland Dogs, Foxhounds, Beagle Hounds, Rat Terriers, Gordon Setters, English Pugs, Bull Terriers, Also German Jack Rabbits, Maltese Cats and Game Fowls. Send stamp for prices. J. J. MOUL, York, Pa. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Send for "OUR SPECIAL BOOK" to Men.** A treatise on Nervous Debility. Address makers of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, 67 Murray St., New York. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**LADIES and Gents desiring Correspondents for AMUSEMENT or MATRIMONY** send 10c. to "SOCIAL WORLD," Box 520, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds** speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Catalogue of toys, novelties, fancy goods, etc.** Free for stamp. C. S. DAY, New Market, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**LOVE POWER** developed by following private directions; 10c. package. OXIE CO., Augusta, Me. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Short hand writing taught by mail.** \$2.00. Circulars free. J. E. SLOANE, Hartford, Conn. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## CARDS.

**PRIX** We mean Tricks. Apparatus and directions complete for 100 tricks, 30c. VALLEY CARD CO., Amsterdam, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Decay, debility, consumption.** Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**12 Beautifully Illustrated Cards, poetry and prose.** 25c. J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 345, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Art Studies, New and nice, 51-26 1/2.** Highly colored. Set of 4 for 25c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**10 TRANSPARENT CARDS** sent securely sealed for only 15c. Box 59, Northford, Ct. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**53 TRANSPARENT CARDS, 50c.** 2 for 80c. 20 Photos free with above. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**53 TRANSPARENT CARDS** reduced to 40 cts. 3c. 1c. Box 59, Northford, Ct. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## LAWYERS.

**Divorce Law of Illinois.** Legal advice free. Send stamp. Cornell & Spencer, 106 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## MISCELLANEOUS.



**WATCH CHARMS** With Powerful Microscopic Glasses, in handsome IVORY CASES, with ring for attaching to watch chain. Magnifies 1,000 times, so that photographic pictures no larger than the head of a pin are perfectly distinct. Different designs. Sample 25c.; 3, 50c.; 7, \$1.00; 12, \$1.50; gross, \$10.00. Transparent Playing Cards, \$1 pack, sample, 10c.

The "Mammoth Budget," 170 illus. 25c. Female Beauties (cabinet), 25c. Lola Montez Toilet Receipts, 50c. 6 Beautifully Illustrated Cards, 25c. All of the above goods complete for \$2.00.

**PURCHASING AGENCY,** Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**New---French---Direct from Paris.** New French Microscopic Watch Charm, in ivory case. Most beautiful female figures, only 25c. each by mail, sealed. Magnetic and Microscopic Knife, in the handle is a magnifying glass of great power; hold the knife up to the light and you will see some beautiful pictures you never saw before, only 25c. each. Very Choice Photos, fine forms and features, 20 pictures for 25c. sealed. Transparent Playing Cards, the richest thing out, only a few packs left, at the cheap price of \$1.00 pack of 53 cards. All the above goods at one time, prepaid, by express, for only \$1.50.

**NOVELTY BAZAR,** Box 224, New York. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**An Illustrated book of 316 pages.** Price 50c. Transparencies (53) with colored views. Price 50c. Our set of 9 photographs (cabinet), daisies. Set, 30c. Our set of 20 photographs (card), daisies. Set, 30c. Ivory (charm) photo view magnified 1,000 times, 20c. All of the above goods complete for a \$1 bill. NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**53 TRANSPARENT CARDS,** the best, only 50c., or 3 for \$1. 10 songs, 1 pack cards, 2 elegant photos, all for \$1 bill or postal note. Set 4 photos, only 25c. NOVELTY CO., Box 33, Seward, Neb. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**5 Card Photos,** 14 illustrations (marriage and its results), 14 Secrets and 12 Love Letters, different, for 30c. NOVELTY CO., Box 33, Seward, Neb. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Results of Errors of Youth** completely removed; Health and Manhood restored by the Nervous Debility Pills. Address N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, Boston.

**100 Photos, Cabinet, Actresses and beautiful ladies.** 25c. The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid, 50c. All, 40c. STAN NOVELTY CO., Box 174, Brooklyn, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**PACK** Transparent Playing Cards \$1. Photos, 20 for 10c. with large catalogue of all our new goods. THURMAN & CO., Bayshore, N. Y.

**40 Photos, Female, 10c.** Naughty Clara's Song, with Photo, 12c.; Microscopic Lead Pencil, imported, lovely pictures, 25c.; all above, 25c. G. M. LAMOS, Chicago, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**NAUGHTY Clara's Song, with Photo, 12c.; 40 Photos, Female, 10c.** Lover's package, 10c. Microscopic Charm, imported, 25c.; all above, 25c. G. M. LAMOS, Chicago, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**State Supply Agency, Dealers in Photos, Books, etc.** Box 7, Camden, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**Lover's Candy, 30c.** "How to Love," 30c. "Silent Friend," \$1. WELCHER GUEST, Chicago.

**31 samples that will make a tub of silver, 10c.** Room 27, 152 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

**Lovers' Combination Package, 10c.** Box 345, Jersey City.

## TOILET ARTICLES.

**FACIAL BLEMISHES.** the Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superstitions, Hair, Blemishes, Moles, Warts, Itch, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Blemishes, Scars, Picking, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1812. Inventor of Six Facials, Appliances, Springs, etc. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**USE REASON AVOID WUMBUGS.** SAVE TIME, TROUBLE, MONEY. If you want beautiful mustache, or beard, or hair on bald head, try the great Spanish Remedy, ANANDRAN WILKINS. No risk. Guaranteed. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. HUNTER CO., Milwaukee, Wis. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**ELECTRIC MUSTACHE VIGOR.** Grows a luxuriant mustache or beard in a very short time, (or hair on bald head) never known to fall. Does it every time. The only reliable preparation on the market. Sent, postpaid, for 25c. 3 for 50c. STANLEY BROS., Montreal, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**HEAVY MUSTACHE.** Growing whiskers or beard in a very short time, (or hair on bald head) never known to fall. Does it every time. The only reliable preparation on the market. Sent, postpaid, for 25c. 3 for 50c. STANLEY BROS., Montreal, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR.** 12 PAGES, 5c. 4 FOR 20 CTS. BY MAIL. Every Day, guaranteed to grow a beard in 30 to 40 days. The only Remedy, 2 or 3 Pages from the work. No expense or pay \$1.00. You make \$1.00 day. No expense. 12 Dollar Page, sealed, 10c. 4 for \$1.00. In standard. Send to SMITH REMEDY CO., Palestine, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**YOUTHFUL VIGOR** restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

## RUBBER GOODS.

**Penholder, Pencil & Rubber Stamp.** Sample with your name engraved thereon, sent postpaid, for 30c. Agents wanted. Circulars free. Big pay. ATLANTIC RUBBER STAMP MFG. CO., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

**ARTICLES DE CAOUTCHOUC.** Protecteurs d'habit pour les dames. Prix, 50 cents; 2, 80 cents. Porte-alumettes pour les messieurs. Prix, 25 cents; 3, 80 cents. Protecteurs d'habit, et 3 Porte-alumettes, \$1. IMPORTING COMPANY, Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

**FINE RUBBER.** Finger Protectors, \$2 per box; sample, 25c. IMPORTING SUPPLY AGT., Nassau St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

## HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

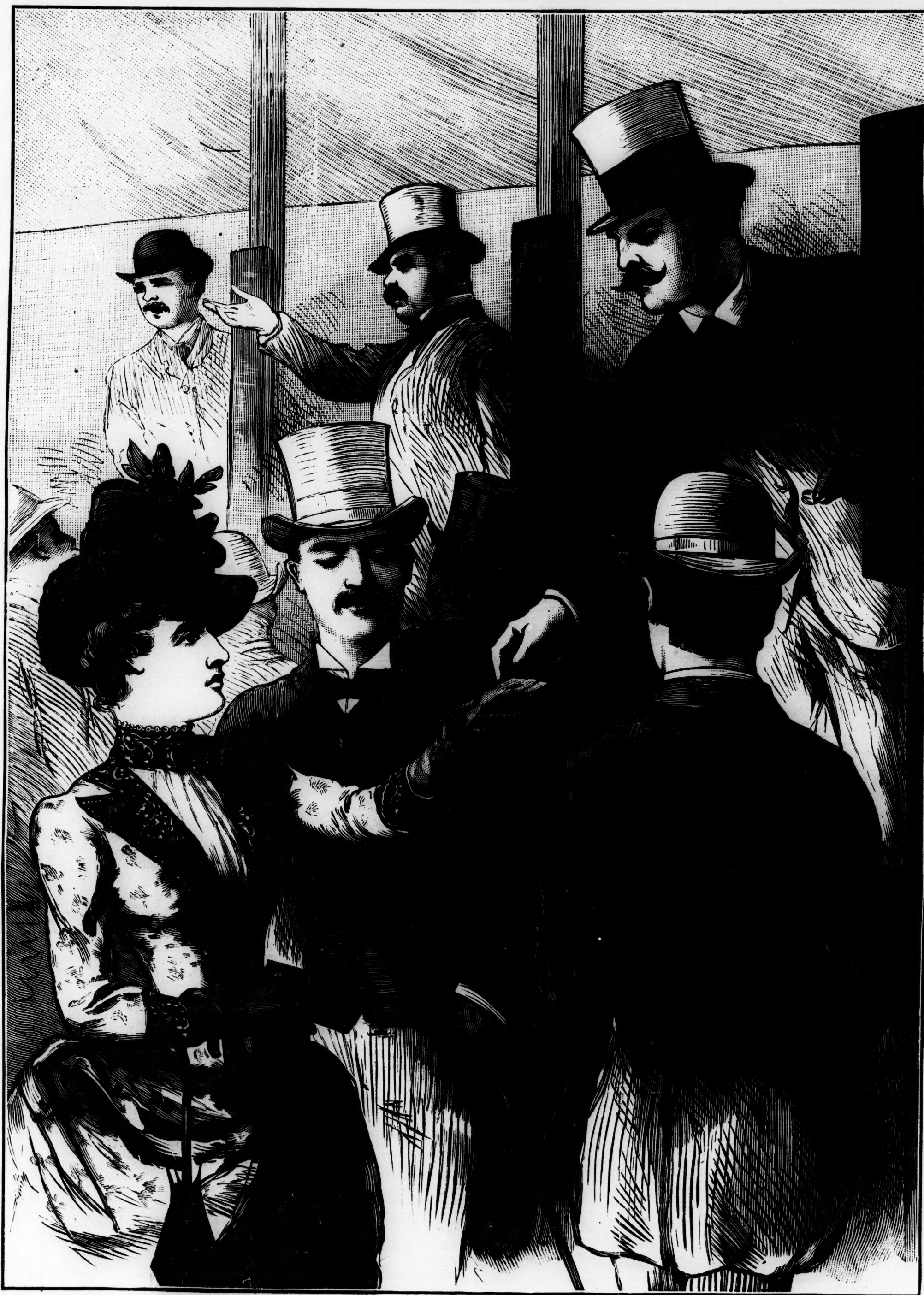
**EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. COCOA**



## MEDICAL

1967-1968





SHE BACKED ALL THE FAVORITES.

MRS. LANGTRY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE EVER-FAITHFUL FREDDY GEBHARD, MAKES A SENSATION AT THE MONMOUTH PARK RACES, NEAR LONG BRANCH, N. J.